

# The Academy and Literature.

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## The Literary Week.

SEVERAL weighty books have been published during the week, many of them in two volumes. Charlotte Yonge's biography has, we are glad to see, been compressed into one volume. Although politics are scarcely referred to in Mr. Molloy's "The Sailor King" he has taken two volumes to tell the story of the seven years' reign of William IV. Two volumes were also necessary for the late Robert Adamson's "The Development of Modern Philosophy: with other Lectures and Essays." Among the interesting books of the week we note the following:—

WORDSWORTH. By Walter Raleigh.

A critical study of Wordsworth's work and its tendencies and influence. Prof. Raleigh's purpose has been "to approach the poetry of Wordsworth with a favourable predisposition; to attempt to read it as he would have wished it to be read, and to find in it what he attempted to express." The author concludes his introduction with these words: "A lifetime of strenuous poetic energy cannot be recaptured from oblivion or fully understood. But if the attempt be wholly vain and fantastic, then Wordsworth must be content to be judged by standards that he repudiated, and to be valued for reasons that have little to do with the inspiration and motive of his work."

SIR HENRY LAYARD: Autobiography and Letters. 2 vols.

Edited by the Hon. William N. Bruce, with a chapter on Sir Henry Layard's parliamentary career by the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Otway. Sir Henry Layard was born in Paris in 1817, and died in London in 1894. "He won distinction as traveller, archæologist, politician, diplomatist, student of the Fine Arts." When Sir Henry retired from the public service he set to work on an account of his life. These volumes carry us down to 1861, on the eve of his departure for Madrid. The gaps left in Sir Henry's narrative have been filled, as far as possible, by extracts from his correspondence.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE: Her Life and Letters. By Christabel Coleridge.

A sympathetic record of a simple, successful, and quiet life. "I have endeavoured," says Miss Coleridge, "to share with others my impressions, my knowledge, of Charlotte Yonge . . . In one way the task has been easy, for so consistent, so harmonious a life has surely never been described, and rarely been lived." The volume opens with an autobiography which runs to one hundred and twenty pages, and describes with some detail the formative influences of the writer's early surroundings and friends. Towards the end of the autobiography we have some account of the intercourse with John Keble and his wife and sister which formed for Miss Yonge "the great conscious influence of her life." The volume is illustrated by portraits.

To the latest volume in the revised edition of Tolstoy's works Mr. Aylmer Maude contributes an interesting preface. The volume contains Tolstoy's three plays: "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," and "Fruits of Culture." When Mr. Maude said to Tolstoy, "and what about 'The First Distiller'?" he "only waved his hand contemptuously, to show that 'The First Distiller' was not worth talking about." "The Power of Darkness" has been acted in most European countries, but never in England. Perhaps so moral and terrible a play would hardly find a welcome in London at present. "Fruits of Culture," on the other hand, as Mr. Maude says, is "a play brimful of laughter and merriment, and enough by itself to refute the accusation, sometimes brought against Tolstoy, that he lacks humour." These three plays were written in the years 1886-1889, so that they belong to the later years of Tolstoy's activity. The remaining volumes of the edition the translators hope to complete at the rate of two a year. "Each sentence," says Mr. Maude, "and almost every word has to be carefully weighed, and, Tolstoy having written more than 3,000,000 words, the task is one which, under the most favourable conditions, must occupy a number of years, and cannot be completed by my wife and myself alone."

On October 5th of last year Mr. J. W. Mackail delivered the first Larner Sugden Memorial Lecture at the William Morris Labour Church in Leek, its subject being "The Parting of the Ways." The personal element of the lecture, a printed copy of which lies before us, was William Morris. Morris, it will be remembered, went to Leek to learn and experiment in certain technicalities of weaving and dyeing. But he found time to write the greater part of "Sigurd the Volsung," and often sat down to work with "fingers so stiff from the blue-vat that they would hardly hold the pen." Of the man himself Mr. Mackail said:—

Perhaps there may be some present who remember his heroic and romantic figure in those days; the noble tempestuous head with its grey eyes and delicate mouth, the blouse and sabots, the hands dyed deep in indigo. Whatever may be the chances that await Leek and its townfolk, they are not likely to see so great a man moving among them on his daily work again. But if there are any here whose recollection goes back to those days, they can hardly have known or suspected then the inner workings of his spirit, or the strange seas of thought through which he was voyaging, chiefly in silence and alone.

We cannot here follow Mr. Mackail through the Socialistic themes which he discusses, but as a record of certain phases of William Morris's development this booklet is of distinct value. The lecture concludes:—

In a sense, there was never any parting of the ways for Morris, because throughout life his way was to a degree almost unexampled in our time, single and straight-forward. As soon as he was convinced that a thing was right, however strange or difficult or imprudent it were, his choice was already made, and he simply did it. In this, at least, if not in his other more unapproachable qualities, he has left an example that we may humbly attempt to follow. That immense and all-embracing outlook is only for the great minds of the world, and is by them only attained through long labour and vigilant discipline. But to all of us, if our heart is fixed on doing right within our daily sphere and the limits of our narrower horizon, Socialism must needs be as Morris called it, a belief involving the very noblest ideals of human life and duty. For this church and for all believers, the motive forces of life are manifold. One or other of them will take a place before the rest in different minds; the love of beauty, the pursuit of truth, the glory of freedom, the law of kindness, the joy of brotherhood: but above them all, before them all, beyond them all, is the hunger and thirst after righteousness.

In an article in the "New Liberal Review" on Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers," Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes some thoughts of his own to the eternal question of the possibilities of Irish nationality and the revival or creation of an Irish literature. Concerning these Galway people he says: "I do not think imagination has changed here for centuries, for it is still busy with these two themes of the ancient Irish poets, the sternness of battle and the sadness of parting and death." These two themes are, of course, universal, the more primitive the people the stronger being their hold. Later Mr. Yeats says:—

There is still in truth upon these great level plains a people, a community, bound together by imaginative possessions, by stories and poems which have grown out of their own life, and by a past of great passions which can still stir them to imaginative action. One could still if one had the genius, and had been born to Irish, write for these people plays and poems like those of Greece. Does not the greatest poetry always require a people to listen to it? England or any other country which takes its tune from the great cities and gets its taste from schools and not from old custom, may have a mob, but it cannot have a people.

To what "imaginative action" does the past of "great passions" stir these people? And does Mr. Yeats seriously believe that even if the genius came they would hail him for what he was? Personally, we very much doubt it.

When Mr. Yeats says that England "cannot have a people," frankly, we cannot follow him. It is so easy to say things like that, and so difficult to support them reasonably.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Morning Advertiser," apropos of Mr. H. A. Jones's little difficulty with "The Times," has sent to the "Advertiser" particulars of "a wordy protest from the then (1876) manager of Drury Lane Theatre against adverse criticism," which, in that case also, had appeared in "The Times." Mr. Chatterton, the manager, admitted that critics usually treated him with fairness, but that "The Times" had fallen foul of "Richard III." without warrant. Nine years before "The Times" had said that Mr. Barry Sullivan would soon "be acknowledged as the leading legitimate actor of the British capital"; the later critic (or was he the same?) sneered at Mr. Sullivan as "an actor high in favour in America, and on our own provincial stages, but less known, perhaps, in London." And now we have the old story all over again, only in the modern instance it is the author and not the actor who considers himself aggrieved. Well, perhaps we should be grateful to Mr. Jones for a certain amount of mild amusement.

THE "English Illustrated Magazine" prints an article by Serge Nelidoff on "Newspapers as Public Characters." Mr. Nelidoff illustrates his text by certain caricatures, which he somewhat needlessly explains as "not personal." "The Times" is represented by a heavy and prosperous individual of the typical John Bull sort; the "Daily Telegraph" by a stout person in a fancy waistcoat carrying a cricket bat and bags of "shilling funds"; the "Daily News" by a lean and earnest man in gaiters, and so on. Concerning papers in general, Mr. Nelidoff says:—

The character of "The Times," the "Standard," the "Daily News," the "Morning Post," the "Telegraph," the "Chronicle," is made up of traditions which each succeeding editor and each succeeding staff regard as inviolable. Every member of the editorial staff of either of the great dailies is aware of its history and peculiarities; and almost unconsciously he entertains the prejudices of his predecessors concerning any personage, institution, or event. We should not be at all surprised if that valuable compilation known as "The Times Index" is consulted by no one more assiduously than by the present editor of "The Times." "What have we said before on this subject?" was one of Mr. John Walter's most constant inquiries, as we learn from one of his associates in Printing House Square.

As an instance of the survival of tradition the author gives the following:—

One of the most curious happened when one morning a few years ago the "Standard," to the surprise of every one, and none more so than its proprietor, and even of its literary editor, published a leading article severely depreciating Mr. George Meredith. It was apropos of the birthday of the venerable novelist, and to his admirers it came as a bolt from the blue. It is said that the article was written quite without animus; it did not represent anybody's opinion, but was a continuation of the judgment passed upon Mr. Meredith in a leading article in 1861, or soon after the appearance of his first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

Such continuity of tradition as that suggests a conservatism which we should not have suspected even of the "Standard."

THE committee of the Institute of Journalists appointed to arrange for the memorial to newspaper correspondents who died in South Africa have received the following names as coming within the terms of their reference:—

Mr. George Warrington Steevens, "Daily Mail," London—died at Ladysmith; George Alfred Farrand, "Morning Post," London—killed at Wagon Hill; Albert F. Adams, Exchange



Telegraph Company—died of fever at Aliwal North; W. J. Lambie, "Age," Melbourne—killed at Slingsfontein; Robert Mitchell, "Standard," London—died of fever at Ladysmith; Ernest G. Parslow, "Daily Chronicle," London—killed at Mafeking; H. H. Spooner, "Evening News," &c., Sydney, N.S.W.—died of fever at Deelfontein; Lieutenant Joseph Smith Dunn, Scottish Horse, Central News, London—died of fever at Johannesburg; Miss Mary Kingsley, "Morning Post," London—died of fever at Simons Town; Mr. F. Slater Collet, "Daily Mail," London—killed at Schoerman's Farm; E. D. Scott, "Manchester Courier"—killed at Elandsfontein; W. T. McKenzie, Reuter's Agency, London—died of fever at Aliwal North.

It is a terrible and pathetic list, and the Committee ask for supplementary information. Such a bare statement brings home to us with painful vividness the price paid for our breakfast-table news in war time.

WHAT appears to be a rather foolish piece of vandalism is reported from Salisbury. Over one of the three archways leading into the Close there was a statue of Charles II. This, on the plea of its being "decayed and mutilated," has recently been removed, and its place taken by a brand-new effigy of Edward VII. The Legitimists, naturally, are very angry, but the matter is one of wider than merely Legitimist interest. Surely the statue of Charles II. might have been restored? The inner Chapter's loyalty, we presume, was not in doubt.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD recently said to an interviewer of the New York "Bookman": "I could not write at all, if I did not delight in such employment. I know of no one who has written many books who would willingly lay down his or her pen. After twenty years of continuous writing it has become second nature to me. I should be unhappy if I stopped. Can you name a well-known writer of romance who is not in harness, or has not died in harness?" Mr. Crawford, as readers of his books know, does not believe in novels with a purpose. Indeed, any true presentation of life needs no definite "purpose" to give it force. There is in it the inherent and often unconscious purpose of human action.

THE same journal has been endeavouring to get "authoritative light" on the sales of certain popular books in America, to which end it requested their publishers to furnish figures. The publishers of "Audrey" wrote:—

Replying to your favour of the 28th, we would say that the latest advertised figure on the sale of "Audrey" is 170,000 copies.

Another firm said:—

Answering your inquiry of the 28th inst., we give you herewith our latest figures for the following books:—

"The House with the Green Shutters"	21,858
"The Hound of the Baskervilles"	83,558
"The Two Vanrevels"	80,154

The publishers of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" were almost shy. They wrote:—

Our reasons for not making public the total sale from time to time have been: (1) the sale, while it has been rather extraordinary, has not yet approached the "great" figures of "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," *et al*; (2) the sale is so continuous that any figures made public one week would be considerably surpassed before the news got well out; and (3) we have had a kind of sentiment against "working" the public, and making them buy "Mrs. Wiggs" because it is "a big seller." The book itself is too delicate in its motive to be handled in that way—at least, so it seems to some of us.

But having said this they add: "We do not mind the announcement that the sales of 'Mrs. Wiggs' have considerably exceeded two hundred thousand, and are

going merrily on." We are glad to hear that delicacy of motive is taken, if only nominally, into consideration.

By the early death of Lieutenant-Colonel George Henderson the army has lost a distinguished instructor and literature a man who wrote with force and ability on themes which are generally, though for no apparent reason, counted as outside literature. Colonel Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson" was a fine lesson in the means and end of strategy, and it was on account of his special knowledge that he was selected to edit the official history of the South-African War. From a communication to "The Times" by "Linesman" concerning Colonel Henderson we extract the following:—

Men more famous have vanished, yet few with more promise of fame, and none more beloved. The dread gazette of death has never removed a soldier whose commission is handed back to its great Giver more unsullied, its oath of allegiance more faithfully kept, its injunctions to duty more honourably obeyed. If the confused patchwork of life has stainless parts, Colonel Henderson surely filled one of them, and the tearing of it so suddenly away leaves a grievous rent to us who rejoice in its purity.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND's lecture before the members of the Institute of British Decorators on "The Decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral" was at any rate a personal vindication of some account. Of Sir William's early reminiscences not much is to be said; apparently he felt that he was, as it were, set aside for the work of decorating St. Paul's:—

When he was a little boy of about thirteen his mother took him to hear the service at St. Paul's, and they sat in the choir. He looked up at that naked roof—that was before he had ever been in Italy or seen a piece of mosaic—and on going out he said, "Mother, some day I will cover that with mosaic."

Such prophetic vision is, perhaps happily, rare in children of thirteen, but in the case of Sir William Richmond it came true. He deliberately prepared himself for this prospective work by visiting "all the churches covered with mosaic in Italy, many in Asia Minor, and all in Greece." When the commission for the decoration came to him he took a strong stand; he told the committee that he was not going "to submit his designs to the approval of the British public. He knew the British public, and he knew the British critic," and neither could ever make up its mind as to what it liked and why it liked it. So Sir William went on in his own way, and used his mosaic as he thought best. Concerning colour decoration in general the lecturer said some wise things, though his manner of saying them was not always happy. The Parthenon, he said, was coloured "from top to toe"; "top to toe," of a building, is curiously unhappy.

A PLEASING little booklet of "Lays and Lyrics from German Poets," by Sydney Hesselrigge, reaches us from Nottingham. Mr. Hesselrigge appears to have aimed, and properly, at absolute simplicity, as the following translation of Heine will show:—

Once there came a lovely picture  
Into my life's dreary day;  
Now the night has closed around me,  
For the picture slipped away.  
Little children in the darkness,  
When their courage fast grows cold;  
Try to ease their hearts by singing,  
Till their fears away have rolled.  
Thus do I, alone in darkness,  
Like a child, begin to sing;  
Care not if my song be merry,  
Should it only comfort bring.

We referred recently to an offensive method of book advertising by means of postcards. In America a new method, and if possible an even more objectionable one, has been hit upon. In a New York paper the following appeared:—

STIRLING.—By suicide in the Hudson River, poet and man of genius, in the 22nd year of his age. Chicago papers please copy.

Shortly afterwards there was issued the diary of Stirling, who had, of course, not committed suicide at all.

A CONTEMPORARY says, in reviewing Mr. Buckley's "Croppies Lie Down," that it "makes sure of an Irish audience." We wish we could feel equal confidence. The writer of Irish stories is unfortunately aware that the native market for them is very small. A writer of Scotch stories, on the other hand, is pretty sure of a reasonable sale.

## Bibliographical.

THE next best thing to a book is a catalogue of books, especially if that catalogue be in any particular unique. Unique, surely, among the catalogues of circulating libraries is that of the London Library, just issued. Here is a tome of 1,626 pages (in double columns), containing references to about 220,000 volumes. The entries (save of course in the case of anonymous or pseudonymous books) are under the names of authors, arranged alphabetically. A subject-index is to follow; but, in the meantime, some of the more important topics, such as "Shakespeare," have a special treatment, by which the student is guided to works on sub-divisions of the theme. I do not, personally, like the arrangement by which the works of a writer are ranged under his name in alphabetical order; this makes reference easy, but the chronological order would be in some ways more instructive. Dr. Wright, the editor, has done well to follow the example of the British Museum Catalogue in giving, in many cases, brief descriptions of the authors; and one could even wish that the principle had been carried further. Thus in plain "Adams, Henry Cadwallader," everybody may not at once recognize our old friend the Rev. H. C. Adams, the author of "Schoolboy Honour" and so forth. The introduction of the "Rev." might have been a help to many. Happily, Dr. Wright does not follow the bad example of the British Museum Catalogue in entering notable authors under names by which they are not usually indicated. Thus Mrs. Hemans figures under "Hemans," not under "Browne, Felicia Dorothea," as (if I remember rightly) the old lady in Bloomsbury has it. In respect of accuracy this London Library Catalogue is monumental; I have been browsing over it from time to time, and have found only a single entry which is in the least degree misleading, and that of minor importance only. As a whole, the Catalogue is a triumph not only of industry, but of knowledge and good judgment.

One reflection a cursory examination of the Catalogue does suggest, and that is, that the Library would have been all the better for a little "weeding-out" before the Catalogue was put in type. The process is one to which all libraries, and especially all circulating libraries, should be submitted at suitable intervals of time, because there are some books of which time alone can finally establish the value, whether fleeting or permanent. Again, one notes in the Catalogue, as one notes even in the British Museum Catalogue, gaps which one feels the responsible parties ought to busy themselves in filling up. There are certain standard authors, one feels, who should be fully represented in a library—an ideal which its controllers or custodians ought to keep steadily before them.

In the case, unhappily, of a circulating library, there is always a demand for new books which has to be met, even though the librarian knows that most of those books have no element of permanence. This is one of the banes of the perfect librarian's existence.

Talking of catalogues, I may record the publication of the "English Catalogue of Books" (S. Low & Co.) for 1902, the sixty-sixth annual issue. The work of compilation has been carefully done, and the information given can be relied upon. "The Catalogue" is, indeed, an institution, and, unlike most institutions, scarcely susceptible of improvement. Space could, I think, be saved here and there, and I should like the names of authors to be given (at least once, where there is more than one entry under them) as fully as the title-page allows. But these are counsels of perfection.

The "Index and Epitome" of the "Dictionary of National Biography" will, of course, be welcome to many; but still more people will be pleased when the proprietors of the "Dictionary" begin to issue it (if they ever do so issue it) in sections, each covering a single subject, such as soldiers, sailors, lawyers, doctors, painters, musicians, actors, and so forth. Tastes and studies are much specialized nowadays, and there is very, very much in the "Dictionary" which does not appeal at all to the average man. I may add, I am heretical enough to hold that very many of the biographies in the "Dictionary" are by far too long, and that the work as a whole might profitably have been less bulky than it is. In the cases especially of monarchs, statesmen, and politicians, the historical element is too often permitted to overwhelm the purely biographical.

There have been several references lately to the preface which Mr. Shorthouse supplied for an edition of "The Temple," published in 1882. He wrote at least three other prefaces—one to Molinos' "Golden Thoughts" (1883), another to Morse's "Peace, The Voice of the Church to her Sick" (1888), and another (on the Royal Supremacy) to Galton's "Message and Position of the Church of England" (1899). His paper "On the Platonism of Wordsworth" was printed in 1882.

We are promised, from the pen of a lady (Mrs. E. H. Fremantle), a new translation into English of the works of Heine. This, I presume, would include the poems, which in themselves would tax very severely the powers of any one translator. Hitherto, one may say, they have managed, as a body, to elude complete fusion into our tongue, despite the well-meant efforts of E. A. Bowring, C. G. Leland, Sir Theodore Martin, Emma Lazarus, and others. Mrs. Fremantle, we are told, was introduced to Heine by the selection from his poems (in English) published in the "Canterbury Poets" in 1887. In this instance many translators were judiciously drawn upon. But is Heine's verse translatable at all?

The list of forthcoming "King's Classics" is undoubtedly appetising. Early in it stands the *Life* of Margaret Godolphin, written by John Evelyn, and edited by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847. An abridgement of this "Saintly Life" came out in 1853, and again in 1864. The "Life" was also edited by William Harcourt in 1888. Then we are to have, under the title of "Monastic Life," a translation of the *Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelonda*, monk of St. Edmundsbury, the full text of which was published by the Camden Society in 1840, the English version by T. E. Tomlins following in 1844. Next, by way of companion to the last-named, we are to have "Convent Life," an English translation of the thirteenth century "Ancren Riwele," a version of which, by J. Morton, was issued by the Camden Society in 1853. Extracts from the "Ancren Riwele" were added to the Clarendon Press publications in 1884.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## Work Done.

MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN: A RECORD OF HIS WORK IN A SERIES OF HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. Illustrated. (John Murray 32s. net.)

THESE letters are supplementary to the three volumes of the "Life and Letters," published in 1887. Primarily, they are a record of work—work of such value, scope, and unity as can with difficulty be paralleled. They illuminate, as could no other source of light, any previous conceptions of the worth of Darwin to the race. It was well to retain these letters until this present. Their publication now, in a century which has such distorted views of Darwin, will be a boon to the student, the historian, the prophet, and the public at large. Passionless as a scientist, a man of peace, patient, minute, and almost incredibly accurate as an observer, Darwin was a man who must be loved. Humour, sensitiveness, sympathy are writ large on every page. Of his intellectual honesty and self-criticism, and the power of sheer prevision that were his, we must attempt the portrayal in relation to these letters.

Born in 1809, the year that gave us so many great men, Darwin has left a delightful fragment of early recollections far too good to be garbled by part quotation. The first letters are from Edinburgh, where he went to study medicine. But the chance of a half-cabin offered to a naturalist who should embark on a ship voyaging westwards was too good to be missed, and we find him next at Monte Video. Long afterwards, speaking of the doctrine of Design (as it then existed), he alludes to this theory in relation to varying lengths of nose, and tells us that "the shape of my nose (ehéu!)" very nearly made Captain Fitzroy refuse to accept the offer to accompany the "Beagle" on her trip. The young naturalist who, as a child, had longed to know the origin and nature of each of the many-coloured pebbles before his father's front door, writes home the most jubilant letters of his many finds in botany, zoology, and geology at Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. Of the Andes he writes:—

I cannot tell you how I enjoyed some of these views—it is worth coming from England once to feel such intense delight; at an elevation from 10,000 to 12,000 feet there is a transparency in the air, and a confusion of distances and a sort of stillness which gave the sensation of being in another world, and when to this is joined the picture so plainly drawn of the great epochs of violence, it causes in the mind a most strange assemblage of ideas.

On this voyage Darwin visited the Galapagos islands, where the first conception that species might not be immutable crossed his mind. Twenty-four years later was fruition. On his return he became engaged to Emma Wedgwood. A noble tribute he paid in after years to his "greatest blessing," of whom he says "in my whole life I have never heard her utter one word I would rather have been unsaid." We pass over many pages dear to truth, and quote an allusion to Owen, of whose part in the most vital period in the history of science it is kindest not to speak. "What wretched doings come from the order of fame; the love of truth alone would never make one man attack another bitterly." And, indeed, in these 782 letters of one of the greatest lovers and finders of truth in any age, there is not one word of bitterness, though calumny, misrepresentation, and what Goethe, his great predecessor, called the most dangerous thing in the world, "ignorance in motion," faced him all his days. All honour to the living and the dead for the relations between Darwin and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace. If ever it is worth while to squabble about priority, it was in their case. Instead they loyally fought for nothing but one another and truth. Observe the elder's manner and method: "As I am writing my

book, I try to take as much pains as possible to give the strongest cases opposed to me and often such conjectures as occur to me." To Huxley: "What you have written agrees with what I have been writing, only with the melancholy difference for me that you put everything in twice as striking a manner as I do"; and "Farewell, my good and admirable agent for the promulgation of damnable heresies!" To Sir Joseph Hooker: "Adios, you terrible worrier of poor theorists," and "I believe I am the slowest (perhaps the worst) thinker in England."

Darwin was much concerned with a letter from Sedgwick accusing him of "departing from the spirit of inductive philosophy," and was relieved by Mill's assurance that his method was sound. The most recent work on Variation demonstrates how sound that method was, and how needless the words, taken from a letter of 1862: "I look at it as absolutely certain that very much in the 'Origin' will be proved rubbish; but I expect and hope that the framework will stand." At this hour, the doctrine of pangenesis, of which his wife said it "sounded wicked like pantheism," and of which he always spoke with a half-melancholy humour, is being found necessary, in a modified form, to correct the theory of Weismann, with whom Darwin so often and so valuably corresponded. And what an illustration from bacteriology is the remark that "the struggle for life is sometimes between forms as different as possible, for instance, between grasshoppers and herbivorous quadrupeds." What would he have said of the tubercle bacillus as an illustration, discovered three weeks before his death?

Darwin was pleased with a letter of Kingsley's which contains a story of a heathen Khan in Tartary who was visited by a pair of proselytising Moollahs. The first Moollah said, "Oh! Khan, worship my God. He is so wise that He made all things." But Moollah No. 2 won the day by pointing out that his God is "So wise that He makes all things make themselves." And in a letter to the greatest of geologists, Sir Charles Lyell, Darwin says, "I do not wish to say that God did not foresee everything which would ensue." In this connection we may quote from the "Origin": "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being evolved."

We must quote the following:—

To Lyell, 1860: "I cannot explain why, but to me it would be an infinite satisfaction to believe that mankind will progress to such a pitch that we should look back at ourselves as mere Barbarians." Observe the early date to understand why he says "it would be," not "it is." Note also how completely this sentiment is shared by Tennyson, born so near to him in time and place. Compare this, to Sir Joseph Hooker:—

I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of man is, but . . . this sinks into my mind into insignificance compared with the idea, or rather I presume certainty, of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years, with every continent swarming with good and enlightened men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into red-hot gas. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with a vengeance.

In a letter dated 1877 we have the historic fact:—

When I was on board the "Beagle," I believed in the permanence of species, but, as far as I can remember, vague doubts occasionally flitted across my mind. On my return home in the autumn of 1836 I immediately began to prepare my journal for publication, and then saw how many facts indicated the common descent of species, so that in July 1837, I opened a note-book to record any facts which might bear on the question; but I did not become convinced that species were mutable until, I think, two or three years had elapsed.

Darwin's disapproval of theorizing beyond the point where facts stopped is shown in a letter to Lyell: "I demur also to your putting Huxley's 'force and matter' in the same category with Natural Selection. The latter may, of course, be quite a false view; but surely it is not getting beyond our depth to first causes." Of all his followers that have got beyond their depth, Haeckel is the first, and the present editors deeply regret his publication (without permission) of a letter, in which Darwin comments severely on Virchow.

An instance of prevision is in a letter to Wallace:—

With respect to the differences of race, a conjecture has occurred to me that much may be due to the correlation of complexion (and consequently hair) with constitution. Assume that a dusky individual best escaped miasma, and you will readily see what I mean.

Recent work demonstrates more clearly every day the truth of this proposition, as is shown in Dr. Vernon's authoritative book just published. This quotation from the same letter has a practical bearing to-day:—

Our aristocracy is handsomer (more hideous according to a Chinese or Negro) than the middle classes, from having the pick of the women; but, oh! what a scheme is primogeniture for destroying Natural Selection!

In one of a valuable series of letters to Mr. Francis Galton, Darwin points out the error into which that great philosopher and (we may add) Tennyson had fallen—"so careless of the single life"—and puts it thus:—

Surely Nature does not more carefully regard races than individuals. Would it not be truer to say that Nature cares only for the superior individuals and then makes her new and better races.

Many allusions to children are of interest. Of the "Darwin's tubercle" on the ear, hinting an ancestral pointed ear, he writes to an observer of children, "Could you not get an accurate sketch of the direction of the hair of the tip of an ear?" Pregnant are his suggestions as to the beginnings of music: "Children make an interrogative noise, before they can articulate, and others of assent and dissent, in different notes." Elsewhere he writes:—

Facility in the utterance of prolonged sounds may possibly come into play in rendering them musical . . . those who vary their voices much, and use cadences in long-continued speaking, feel less fatigued than those who speak on the same note.

Space fails for quotation from letters dealing with Darwin's work on earthworms and their incredible value to the soil, or his theory of subsidence of coral reefs, which was proved in 1891 by the method of boring such reefs suggested by himself ten years before. We can only refer the readers to the volumes for all the work in geology and botany which they so admirably illustrate. We should wish to mention the sane views of this gentle man on vivisection, and to refer to his gratitude for Mr. Herbert Spencer's criticism and his adoption of Spencer's term "survival of the fittest," as explanatory of his own constantly misunderstood term, "Natural Selection."

The editors have done their work well in providing a complete index and admirable portraits. The combination of the human and the scientific interest in these volumes is rare.

### The Good Man Triumphant.

TWO BIOGRAPHIES OF WILLIAM BEDELL, BISHOP OF KILMORE.  
Edited with Notes and Index by E. S. Shuckburgh.  
(Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.)

MR. SHUCKBURGH is to be congratulated on this very satisfactory and complete edition of Bishop Bedell's Life and Correspondence. Credit for the initial undertaking and for the collection of the material, the introduction tells

us, must be given to Prof. Mayor, who also published, in 1871, one of the Lives here reprinted. Mr. Shuckburgh has, however, completed the work undertaken, and his scholarly edition is in every respect worthy of the traditions of the Cambridge University Press.

The life of William Bedell (1571-1642) will be treasured to-day not so much on account of the theological controversies in which the Bishop engaged, as for the rare picture it presents of the Good Man triumphant in the naughty world. Bedell, who was of English Puritan stock, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became noted for his great gifts as a scholar and philologist, was made a Fellow, passed to Venice as a chaplain of the English Ambassador, returned to England and accepted a country living, and sixteen years later was nominated by the Crown as Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. It is here that the chief interest in his life as a human document centres. For Bedell, who became Bishop of Kilmore in 1629, construed his charge to be actually that of shepherding his flock of poor Irish sheep, and, as a man of God, he girt up his loins and denounced the scandalous abuses and corruptions in Ecclesiastical Ireland, wrested back property stolen by ecclesiastics from the Church, protected the native Irishry from illegal spoliation in his diocese, nay, he even stood up against the authority of Laud and Strafford, who were then dominant in Church and State. In pursuit of his spiritual ideas, seeking to teach the poor Irish, protect them and minister unto them, Bedell, this sturdy old Protestant, became as highly obnoxious to the majority of his fellow bishops as he became beloved and respected by the Catholic Irish round him. So undeniable was his great learning, so versed in theological controversy, so skilled in law, so upright his life, and so obstinate and pertinacious was he as an antagonist that, marvellous to relate, Bedell carried his points in the teeth of his powerful adversaries, won most of his lawsuits, and retained his Bishopric. It was the triumph of the fearless, conscientious man of saintly life against the powers of the world. So much was Bedell beloved by the Irish that when the Great Rebellion broke out in 1641, the Bishop was assured by the Catholics that he should be the last Englishman to be expelled from Ireland. And indeed the Irish saw that no harm came to him, and when he died of a fever contracted in the little castle of Loughwater where they had confined him, chiefly for his safety, the Irish gathered at his funeral and gave him military honours. Truly Bedell was the true shepherd of his flock, and had he lived in the days, ten centuries earlier, when Christianity was struggling to make headway against heathendom, he would have come down to posterity as St. Bedell the Wise.

The Life by his son William Bedell is so delicious a document that we heartily wish it could be printed as a pamphlet and distributed broadcast among modern biographers. It is the very model of what a life should be. Everything that is of interest is presented in pithy and picturesque phrase, and all the platitudes, all the non-vital tedious trivialities with which the modern biographer stuffs out his redundant and circumlocutory volumes, find no place. Bedell's severe rectitude and honesty of purpose are depicted in the quaint and vigorous style of which, a century later, English writers lost the secret. "There is yet farther to be noted in his domestical course of conversation his behaviour towards the beggars, bedlams, and travellers, that use to come to men's doors," says his biographer. "These he would not fail to examine, mixing both wholesome instructions and severe reproofs. Nor rested he there; but if they had any passes to travel by, he would be sure to scan them thoroughly, and finding them false or counterfeit, his way was to send for the constable, and after correction given according to law, he would make them a new pass, and send them to the place of their last settlement, or birth. This made him so well-known among that sort of people that they shun'd the



town for the most part, to the no small quiet and security of him and all his neighbours."

The account given by Bedell's two biographers of the Rebellion of 1641 is full of curious details, inasmuch as both writers—Bedell's son and his son-in-law—were eye-witnesses of the scenes, and participators in the sufferings of the unfortunate English settlers who, stripped of their lands, houses, and goods in a single day, fled for safety to the few fortified towns. The surprise of the English in Cavan was complete. The last thing, seemingly, they had anticipated was that the people they had subjected should endeavour to get their own again. Thus we read of "one Mr. Arthur Cullum and his wife, whose father Sir Hugh being a captain under the Q. in Tyrone's wars, had that fort committed to his trust, for the keeping of which he had a large proportion of lands given him; but his son that knew nothing of the wars of the Lord, neglected the place so much, where the magazine ought to have been kept for the defence of the country against sudden insurrections, that tho' he said 'he had in his hands' (when he was taken prisoner) *'ten pounds worth of sugar and plums, yet he had not one pound of powder, nor one fixt musquet for the defence of it.'*" The Irish of Cavan, not wishing to bring on themselves the hostility of the Scotch, at first proclaimed that their quarrel was with the English alone; but the Scotch settlers, canny folk, stood to arms in two small castles, and for months beat off the Irish attack which was not very long in coming. Eventually, however, the Scots, wearied out, obtained an armistice, and marched away towards Dublin. The sequel we give in the narrator's words:—

So, on the 15th day of June, 1642, in the eighth month after the Rebellion, we marched away above 1,200 men, women, and children, after they had eaten the cowes' hydes that had covered their cabbins and hutts, from Christmas to June. A sad company of poore people we were, as ever were seene together. Some loaden with children, some great with cheild, some two children on their backs, many with little ones in their armes, yet all rejoicing in the Lord for our enlargement at last. About 2,000 rebells accompanying us for our lyfe-guard, according to the articles of our agreement. . . . The country had orders to bring us provisions for money, as was artickled, which they did in great plenty. Though there were many plots to cut us off by the way . . . yet the Lord of Hosts was with us, and his glory did shyne over us, as in a cloud by day and a fyre by night, for our defence, and restryayed their malice, and brought forth this little flock. . . . On the 22nd day of June, Sir Henry Titchbourne, the governor of Drogheda, with Captain Gibson, met us with a party of horse and foot within ten myles of the garison of Drogheda, and conducted us safely thither by the good hand of our God upon us. The rebells that conducted us took sollemne leave of us, being sore afrayed at the sight of our English force . . . and many of them wept at our parting from them that had lived so long peaceably amongst them, as if we had been one people with them. . . . Most of our poor pillaged company came towards Dublin, a poore exhausted city of refuge, which was neyther able to lodge us nor relieve us with things necessary, thousands dying every weeke, being pierced through for the want of the fruits of the earth, as is at large set forth in the booke of Dr. Jones, Deane of Kilmore, who wrote the history of the horrid Rebellion. . . .

### The Child.

CONCERNING CHILDREN. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. 6d.)

NOTHING points so much to a revolution in our views of childhood as the increasing production of books about children. Whether these are done humourously, as in the majority of cases, or seriously, as in "Concerning Children" by Mrs. Gilman, the impulse that produces them is the same, and it is an impulse towards the better understanding of children. The old idea that children should be kept in their place is giving way, in fact, to the newer one that the place, if it is to be limited at all, should be a very

different one in the household. There is no doubt a good deal to be said for this change of attitude towards children. It is quite time we began to recognise the child as an intelligent being with a personality of its own, instead of as one of a class that exists mainly for the amusement of adults; and books like Mrs. Gilman's are at least useful in putting this growing tendency into words. Whether they are of value in suggesting a counter-treatment to the one they condemn, is another matter. To us it seems that Mrs. Gilman is more eloquent in stating the wrongs of childhood than practical in suggesting their remedy. In the chapter called "The Child and the Slipper," for instance, she condemns very logically the practice of arbitrary punishment; but her plea for punishment by natural consequence does not altogether convince us. The unimaginative child, if allowed to burn itself not too seriously, as the author proposes, will probably learn to avoid the fire more effectually than if it were whipped for playing with it; but we have a shrewd suspicion that the enterprising child, of whom there are many, would chance the pain on another occasion for the sake of making further fascinating experiments. Nor do we think with her that a continual appeal to the child's intelligence is altogether a good substitute for training it to obedience. After all, in either case, the child is being guided by the adult; and the success of either method depends upon the wisdom of the one who employs it. A wise mother will never exact blind and unreasoning obedience; an unwise one might very well awaken the child's intelligence in the wrong direction. Of course, we are aware that Mrs. Gilman means the child's intelligence to awaken more or less unaided by the adult; but the smallest practical observation of children proves the fact that as long as the adult is about, the child's instinct will be to copy that person rather than to initiate a rule of conduct of its own.

There is another danger, too, in this new discovery the world seems to be making of the child's intelligence. Education, whether in the nursery, the kindergarten, or the school, that is based on a perpetual appeal to the intelligence, would result, it seems to us, in something like brain pressure before the children had reached their teens. Over-development of the reason almost inevitably means a warping of the imagination; and many children, taught to use their reason in their play as well as in their work, would end in having their individuality driven out of them as completely as if they were the victims of the old system of blind obedience and the slipper. We say many children advisedly, for Mrs. Gilman in common with most enthusiasts is inclined to forget, in spite of her assurances to the contrary, that rules can no more be laid down for children than for men and women. Every child has to be studied separately, and it is difficult to see how this is to be done better in the crowded baby garden or the baby school, even though the teachers are all trained and certificated, than in the home where the mother has love and instinct to guide her. It is true that Mrs. Gilman places love and instinct far down in the list of qualities necessary to the bringing-up of children, and considers a mother chiefly as the person who keeps the bed aired for her child when it returns home to her after a day spent with the people who are trained to understand it; but we should like to take the vote of the nursery on these points before we admit that she is right. Personal experience has shown us on more than one occasion that the intelligent way of learning to read, which is now superseding the old way of learning columns of words by heart, is producing a race of girls and boys who cannot spell; and this fact makes us pause and wonder whether the child who is taught to govern its conduct by its reason will not grow up with a system of morals that is, to say the least of it, as unconventional as its spelling. Morality, like the spelling of English, stands a

poor chance if approached only with intelligence; and the conventionality which is so largely responsible for both must be learned in the old-fashioned parrot-like way, or it can never be learned at all. And if we know anything about children, their intelligence will be all the fresher at fifteen if they have not been over-using it ever since they were five.

There is much in Mrs. Gilman's book that we have not space to touch upon here; for it is an exhaustive study of child psychology, and deserves consideration if only for its obvious sincerity. But as we began by saying, it has more value as a treatise about children than as a guide to their better education, and we should be sorry to see the misunderstood and persecuted child of Mrs. Gilman's imagination changed into the priggish sort of superior person that her book suggests to ours.

### The Higher Etiquette.

THE MINOR MORALIST. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Edward Arnold. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is not easy nowadays to find a literary gap which someone or other has not stopped with a book. But Mrs. Hugh Bell thinks, with some reason, that she has discovered one, and in these seven essays, carefully, thoughtfully, suggestively written, she rather points to the gap than claims to have filled it. The gap yawns somewhere between the "Critique of Pure Reason" and the latest book of etiquette, between Kant of Königsberg and "Comme il Faut" of the "Lady's Pictorial." A man may talk learnedly of the antimonies and never make a mistake in the number of cards he leaves upon his hostesses, yet be a most uncomfortable person with whom to share the world. For between these two desirable accomplishments there lie huge possibilities of mistakes in everyday dealings with relatives, servants, acquaintances and strangers, which may be regarded as the subject of the higher etiquette—or the minor morality—which you please. In her initial essay Mrs. Bell pleads for some regular teaching of manners—not the mere avoidance of an improper use of the knife in eating peas (that is corrected by a rap over the knuckles from the governess), but a kind of second-grade instruction, which shall give the manners that make up personality. And the average man's success in life, as well as his enjoyment of it, depends largely on his secondary manners—his higher etiquette. Genius, of course, is above law, and a Dr. Johnson may pant and snort over his plate and interrupt conversation with a sure welcome. At present we simply tell our young people (when they have learned not to attack the gravy with a spoon) that "good manners proceed from a good heart," and expect them to fill in the details, as though one should tell the law of gravitation and expect them never to tumble.

We allow them to try by practical experiment whether it is by being pompous, offhand, or patronising that you can make yourself the most disagreeable, and how long other people will enjoy talking to you if you are looking the while with ill-concealed inattention over their shoulder. And yet these are things which should be deliberately taught, and not left to chance.

Now these rules of the higher etiquette, thinks Mrs. Bell, should be formulated, put into a book, hung in school-rooms by the side of "Thou, God, seest me," and committed to memory by the young. It would be a great task, with a great result, for the field is a wide one, and if the book is to be written—the book of the higher etiquette—Mrs. Bell has certainly a claim to be author. Here is an instance. The person who has had a bad night, who suffers from a chronic complaint, who is in

trouble with servants, never gets consolation. The only reply is a capping of the story:—

Notice, for example, round a breakfast-table in a country house, how, if one person says he has been awakened by a thrush at 3 a.m., he will in one moment be in possession of the experience of the entire table, without one word from any one of comment or sympathy on the experience of others.

Let one of the simple rules to be obtained in our book, then, be never to say how you have slept yourself when your neighbour tells you what sort of a night he has had.

That puts a premium on the man who is first with his woes. But breakfast would be pleasanter without a rechauffée of the night. And the rule might be hung by the electric light button on the bedroom wall, as Mrs. Bell saw "No gentleman to dance in a great-coat" on the walls of the "Peopletown Social."

In treating of the minor matters of life Mrs. Bell is always suggestive, and most suggestive perhaps in her comments on the relations of "Mothers and Daughters." There are few things more pathetic than the gradual severance of the child from the mother, who as years go on sinks from a paragon to a problem. From two years onwards the child loses gradually its absolute and unquestioning confidence in the mother. When the daughter is grown up, there is the case of two adult women living in the same house (supposing the daughter has not a husband or house of her own), looking at life from points which are a generation apart. There is a problem for the higher etiquette. Daughters of to-day are apt to depart and set up their bachelor-girl establishments. Mrs. Bell is somewhat in favour of this, and in discounting the "oddness" of a revolting daughter makes a very sensible comment:—

The misery of being talked about exists mainly in our imagination; it is not often, if ever, that we actually hear the things that are said about us! We only imagine them.

Of the relations of servants and mistresses and the absurd deification of thrift by people with large incomes Mrs. Bell writes lucidly and amusingly. And we should be glad to see her rules formulated and hung by every bedside, for the higher etiquette is the real lubricant of life.

### A Belated Journal.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND IN 1800. By John Leyden. Edited by James Sinton. (Blackwood. 6s. net.)

THE MS. of this volume had a long and uneventful history. About five years ago it was bought at Sotheby's; but the Editor "has been able to discover nothing of its former owners." Dr. Leyden himself, however, was well known in his day. From the bibliography appended to this work it is manifest that he was a scholar of wide and varied interests, and he was held in high esteem by Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter, indeed, wrote a biography of Leyden, a work from which Mr. Sinton quotes in his preface. The journal now before us Sir Walter, writing in 1811, declared to be a curious monument of Leyden's zeal and industry in the matter of "the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moidart and Knoidart." It contains, he wrote, "much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public." Sir Walter dealt very generously with his learned friend. About Highland manners the journal tells practically nothing at all, and Highland traditions are treated allusively, in a mode so casual that really we are obliged to wonder what Sir Walter was talking about.

Dr. Leyden's interest in the Highlands was mainly geological. Only at rare intervals do we come upon a passage of more than local concern, and the passage is never quite complete. For example, there is the story of Connal,



"the Thirsites of the Fingalians," who excelled in arranging an army in array of battle. Connal, we are told, had made three resolutions. He would never see a door without entering it; he would never see a feast without sharing in it; he would never see the landlord of an inn frowning without giving him a box on the ear. Now, one day, seeing Hell open, Connal entered, found the devil dining, and sat down. Satan looked surly, and Connal smote him on the ear. Here we have all the conditions necessary to a fine how-dye-do; but Dr. Leyden touches upon the matter only in order to mention that he "did not learn the issue of the business." Similarly, at Glenelg Dr. Leyden finds himself in the company of a party of sportsmen, "which consists of clergymen, seamen, and our hospitable landlord"; and at the very moment when we expect him to become humanly interesting he breaks off to say that he "seized some trifling pretext for leave of absence in order to escape from the surprising anecdotes, related with so much glee, of the sagacity of pointers." A few pages of the sportsmen's talk would have been much more attractive than the many pages which Dr. Leyden devotes to his fruitless endeavours to solve the mystery of Ossian's poems.

Those who are interested in agriculture will find what may prove a useful suggestion in the entry in Dr. Leyden's journal recording a visit to Inveraray. The Duke of Argyll of a hundred years ago managed the hay crop in a way peculiarly his own. He had a barn "in the form of a semi-circle, with numerous ventilators. The low story forms a double range of stalls for black cattle in winter. The floors of the upper stories are formed of boards placed at six inches distance, and the walls and roofs are provided with wooden hooks for suspending sheaves of corn or bundles of hay, which are deposited green or new-cut, and are soon dried in the wettest seasons." As storing the crop in silos, which is the most modern method of saving the hay, has not been wholly successful, the ancient plan at Inveraray seems worth consideration.

Whilst we cannot write much in praise of this work, we quite realise that at the time it was written, when the Highlands were an unknown region to practically all save those who dwelt in them, Dr. Leyden's journal and letters may have been fresh and entertaining to his friends.

### The Romantic Drama.

THE TREASURE OF THE GARDEN. By Jack B. Yeats. (Elkin Mathews. 5s.)

So many in these days are for reviving the romantic drama, for bringing to life—

The mellow glory of the Attic stage,

and for restoring the arts of acting and of speaking verse, that we have come to regard the exposition of a new theory without emotion; the advent of a new play without excitement. Our romantic dramatists take themselves too seriously, and aim at expressing rather the sorrows than the joys of life. Since the world has heard the beauty of the muted string it has forgotten that life ever went merrily to a pipe, or to the Arcadian, but penny, whistle. It has forgotten the song, and the old tune, and the old story. It has forgotten that the drama ever shook men's hearts, and has come to prefer that it should help to digest men's dinners. We want—

The old laughter that had April in it.

Now perhaps the chief reason for the dulness of modern plays is the somewhat exclusive attitude of the playwright. His appeal is no longer to the world. His appeal is to an audience. No breadth of range, no scope, is allowed to him. He has lost touch with the external forces of daily life. An introspective study, an allegory of the

state of his own mind, is the most we can look for from him.

But in Mr. Jack B. Yeats we recognise the makings of a dramatist of an older order; a writer of plays that are written in the intimate speech of the folk-ballad. While his contemporaries argue, wrangle and disagree as to what is music, and what is the best music, and what music saves a man's soul, he, like the hero Finn, is content with that best of all music—

The music of the thing that happens.

His play of "The Treasure of the Garden" carries on a tradition that shook the stage before playwrights became self-conscious and before poets aimed to please the high foreheads in the stalls. There is no mental dyspepsia in his characters. They present no problem. Their aim is to be real. To be glad and sorry for a little while on a miniature stage measuring a foot across.

Many will regard this tragedy as a *jeu d'esprit*, a piece of dainty fooling, but it is more than this. Here is his old emigrant speaking. "Come away, neighbours, the poor captain is feeling sad in his heart. The poor man, like the rest of us, doesn't like leaving the dear silk o' the kine." That gentle sentence is "not altogether fool." One should note, too, the delicate tact and rightness he shows in his handling of the recitative. How actual, how pregnant with jolly sarcasm, is Bo'sun Hardbite's speech in Scene I.: "Well, good bye, cap, sit there on yer old iron mushyroom till the seaweed grows on you."

The coloured figures and scenes at the end of the book are designed to be cut out for use upon a toy stage. They show the author's peculiar gift for catching a quick effect of natural action. The colours are all that could be desired. Of the figures we prefer Plate IV., a tragic effect. Of the scenes, the charming harbour sketch in Plate II.

### Other New Books.

LIBERAL JUDAISM. By Claude G. Montefiore. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)

THIS essay would be of wider interest but for the author's modest disclaimer of authority. He speaks, he tells us, for himself alone; not as the apologist of that important section of his race which is striving, much upon the lines of our own Broad Churchman, to disentangle from traditional accretions a substratum of the national religion upon which the intelligent and educated may stand firm against the consequences of modern destructive criticism. It would have been easier to grasp his position, we may add, if he had been at pains to provide his book at least with chapter headings and a table of contents. But it is not very long.

The Reform Jew would seem to reject the Law, and to rest upon the Prophets; but he does not accept every jot and tittle of these as authentic or as inspired. If Israel is to be regarded as a chosen people, that is only in virtue of the illumination bestowed from on high upon these men, since theirs surpassed the measure of the seers of other peoples. He believes in one God as declared through them. His religion is a monotheism that rejects as destructive any such refinements as those enunciated by the dogmas of the Christian Church. The point he has most difficulty in making clear is the way in which Judaism in this broad sense is to be distinguished. That, in fact, he never succeeds in making very plain. But in practice he strongly dissuades his brethren either from joining themselves to Unitarian or Theistic bodies, or, more especially, from lapsing into indifferentism. And it is in the interest of the rising generation in particular that he

urges fidelity to the customs and rites handed down from their forefathers. The essay breathes a spirit of sincere conviction.

AS WE ARE AND AS WE MAY BE. By Walter Besant. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

HERE are a dozen papers from a dead hand. They cover the ground upon which Sir Walter Besant laboured as a social economist. His view was always a practical one, limited by the conditions and formed in accordance with the tendencies of his day. He was the soberest of dreamers. To him the world had no great significance; human life had no infinite import. But conscious beings for a little space had the possibilities of well-being—intellectual well-being and physical. To enlarge the mental outlook and to multiply pleasurable activities was the end of the social movement he did so much to stir. Since we are alive, let us try to have a good time. His kindly soul had compassion on bright boys growing prematurely jaded in ill-paid drudgery, on the befringed factory-girls three abreast and their mirthless laughter, on the marriages contracted in mere vacuous recklessness, on the troops of neglected children. Let us teach them to dance, he said, to sing, to sew, to act, to carve, to paint, to read. The idea is no longer unfamiliar. The settlements of various kinds whose work is conducted in the spirit of which he was in his day the principal spokesman are a familiar fact of labouring London. As in the paper entitled "From Thirteen to Seventeen" his passion for sane and healthy life could sometimes touch the commonplace of his style with passion.

Everybody has been young [he writes], but somehow we forget the sweet spring season. Let us try to remember, in the interest of the uncared-for youths and girls, the time of glorious dreaming, when the boy became a man, and stood upon some peak in Darien to gaze upon the purple isles of life in the great ocean beyond, peopled by men who were as heroes and by women who were as goddesses. Our own dreaming was glorified, to be sure, with memories of things we had read; yet, as we dreamed, so, but without the colour lent to our visions, these sallow-faced lads, with the long and ugly coats and the round topped hats, are dreaming now. For want of our help their dreams become nightmares, and in their brains are born devils of every evil passion.

Well, it has been in a good measure taken to heart, the object lesson that in this essay he shows us on Hampstead Heath.

THE HISTORY OF LUMSDEN'S HORSE. Edited by Henry H. S. Pearse. (Longmans. 21s.)

THIS history gives no elaborate descriptions or criticisms of operations, but is intended to be a regimental record enlivened by the personal experiences of the men themselves. The editor has collected his data carefully, and the letters here introduced are taken from the Indian papers where they originally appeared. These letters furnish the reader with a sufficiency of the psychological side of war.

Lumsden's Horse was raised and equipped in India, and natives and Europeans alike determined that the corps should be fully representative. A corps of planters it might have been called, for they outnumbered all other occupations. Naturally the selection of 250 men gave rise to much jealousy and heart-burning on the part of the rejected, and one disappointed applicant issued the following manifesto: "I am not a planter. I am willing to shoot a match up the range with the best man selected from Behar, run him a given distance, ride him on strange nags, and in the end with my weight and other recommendations beat him."

Well might Africa be called a place of strange meetings: men from the uttermost corners of the earth who had,

perhaps, not seen each other for years, foregathered there; a rough word of careless greeting, a hand-grip, a light laugh, and then a jaunty "So long, old chap!" and they parted again. And, then, the baptism of fire. "How did I feel?" you ask. "Well, to be strictly honest, I didn't like it. Do you know, I just felt as if I were outside the headmaster's room waiting for a dashed good hiding. I think that hits off the sensation." The famous corps saw all the fighting they wanted, and the tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, tells the tale: "They died for England, and the least made greater her great name." An excellent map, several plates and indexes, go to complete this souvenir volume.

CAN TELEPATHY EXPLAIN? RESULTS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Minot Savage. (The Knickerbocker Press.)

IN this little volume Dr. Savage attempts to illustrate from records collected by the Society for Psychical Research his thesis that telepathy, which he takes for granted, cannot explain "spiritualistic" phenomena. He refuses to call himself a spiritualist, however, and prefers "spiritist," for reasons which he explains at somewhat obscure length. His sixty-four chapters practically consist of accounts of "spiritistic" phenomena, without encumbrances of proof. It is stated in the preface, however, that the reader "may rest assured that there is nothing in the volume which has not been subjected to the most rigid tests of scientific verification," which, without the "not," would be, we suppose, an accurate enough statement. Any value the book possesses may be found in the appendices. The first quotes the opinions of well-known men, such as Victor Hugo, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. A. R. Wallace, Thiers, Flammarton, &c., and is of much psychological value. The second appendix consists of a partial list of those who have believed in communications with spirits, and though the list dwindles astonishingly fast in modern times it is long and wide enough.

COLLOQUIES OF COMMON PEOPLE. By James Anstie. (Smith, Elder.)

THE author of this volume is unquestionably an acute dialectician, but he must be also something of a humourist. For common people would find in, let us say, "The First Principles" of Herbert Spencer, on one hand, and in the "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle on the other, an infinitely clearer insight into the meaning of symbolism and the essential evasiveness of all human knowledge than in the 530 closely reasoned pages of this book.

Here is what may be taken as a fairly typical extract from this long dialogue:—

MIDDLETON.—Then all you have left is a set of notions which do not correspond to anything in nature which you have any reason to believe exists.

LAWSON.—This is exactly what I have been labouring to make you understand; and now you have found it out yourself.

ELLIS.—I, for one, have never doubted that sensible impressions were things in nature, if nature exists . . .

If nature exists—surely these three words are suggestive of another volume.

NEW EDITIONS: We are glad to welcome a new edition of Clarence King's "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" (Unwin). The book was originally published in 1871, and has been long out of print. Its publication was discontinued owing to the author's desire to make certain emendations in the text; a few such emendations, as indicated by him, have been made in the present



issue. The literary quality of the book is far above the average of such work: "It is the mountaineer's privilege to carry through life this wealth of unfading treasure. At his summons the white peaks loom above him as of old; the camp-fire burns once more for him, his study walls recede in twilight reverie, and around him are gathered again stately columns of pine."

## Fiction.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

JULIE LE BRETON, the central figure in "Lady Rose's Daughter," was suggested by the career of Mdle. de L'Espinasse as Madame du Deffand supplied the framework for Mrs. Ward's Lady Henry Delafield. But Julie Le Breton, in the pages of this book, is no mere historical figment. She is a living woman, and the power she exercises over all with whom she comes in contact is suggested with such intellectual appreciation of the moods of her genius, that not only does she become one of Mrs. Ward's most attractive characters, but also one of the most convincing. We meet her early in the book, the story revolves around her, and we part from her in the end regretfully. She has been scorched and purified by the fire of experience, and of the two men who loved her, one, things being as they were, was not unhappy in dying; the other we leave happy in his life, through her. Julie is very human, not in the least a saint, richly endowed, inheriting from her parents those moods and impulses that made Lady Rose, her mother, choose exile with a lover, to respectability with a husband she disliked. To Julie comes a similar temptation: she, too, runs to meet it, and is only saved by chance, and the devotion of another of her adorers. That man was Delafield, a dreamer, mystic, and individualist, who eventually succeeds to a Dukedom. This is how Julie appeared to him:—

He meanwhile, as he advanced further in the knowledge of her strange nature, was more and more bewildered by her,—her perversities and caprices, her brilliances and powers, her utter lack of any standard or scheme of life. She had been for a long time, as it seemed to him, the creature of her exquisite social instincts,—then, the creature of passion. But what a woman through it all!—and how adorable!—with those poetic gestures and looks, those melancholy gracious airs that ravished him perpetually! And now this new attitude as of a child leaning,—wistfully looking in your face,—asking to be led,—to be wrestled and reasoned with.

It is a crowded canvas where Julie Le Breton, Warkworth the ambitious, self-seeking soldier, and Delafield move in the foreground. At first one is inclined to resent the number of titled and distinguished people. There is a Duke, a Duchess, a Cabinet Minister, an Ambassador, a distinguished Editor, and a host of other more or less eminent controllers of affairs, to say nothing of Lady Henry Delafield, the *grande dame*, old, peevish, half-blind, who has engaged Julie as companion, and who realises that it is the amazing charm of this companion that gathers the select crowd to her house. We certainly feel the fascination of Julie Le Breton, her extraordinary adaptability to circumstances, her power of growth, the diplomacy of her sympathy. "In talking with her, dead walls seemed to give way; vistas of hope and possibility opened in the very heart of discouragement. She found the right word, the right jest, the right spur to invention or effort."

In the latter part of the book we escape from the atmosphere of great houses, crushes and footmen, and the

spiritual drama of the action of individual lives one upon the other is worked out by Mrs. Ward with an intellectual sympathy, and a knowledge of the complexities of the human soul, that has not been surpassed in any of her former books. Love is not here the sentimental emotion of the ordinary novel or play, but the power that purges the weaknesses and vivifies the dormant nobilities of men and women. Warkworth, for all his faults, had the courage of his impulses, and few will read that last letter of his, or the sudden news of his death, without emotion. To Julie is left an abiding sorrow, and the humanising of Delafield; his destiny is to tame and console her. Here is a picture of Delafield. The Duchess and Dr. Meredith are watching him from a distance:—

"It's like something wearing through,"—she said slowly. "I suppose it was always there—but it didn't show."

"Name your 'it'!"

"I can't!" But she gave a little shudder, which made Meredith look at her with curiosity.

"You feel something ghostly—uneasily?"

She nodded assent; crying out however immediately afterwards, as though in compunction, that he was one of the dearest and best of fellows!

"Of course he is," said Meredith. "It is only the mystic in him coming out. He is one of the men who have the sixth sense."

"Well, all I know is he has the oddest power over people!" said Evelyn, with another shiver. "If Freddie had it, my life wouldn't be worth living. Thank goodness, he hasn't a vestige!"

"At bottom it's the power of the priest," said Meredith. "And you women are far too susceptible towards it. Nine times out of ten it plays the mischief."

Mrs. Ward writes of the things that matter in the inner, individual life, and in no former book, we think, has her touch been surer, or her insight into motive and character more searching and sympathetic.

IN PICCADILLY. By Benjamin Swift. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE finest thing in Mr. Swift's art is a sort of intelligent inhumanity. Were it conceivable that the claw on a living animal should turn stylus, such writing as his might be the result. In his latest, as in former work, he limns with a curious combination of ingenuity and crudity characters that live in a waking dream of life rather than in life itself. Here we have Piccadilly, and down this Piccadilly move those cautious merchants of their own charms whom Aholibah would have disdained. But Mr. Swift's Scotch eye takes the image freshly, which is so stale in ours, and adorns it with "a misery of jewels." "Night was pouring into London like a drug, but Piccadilly was stark awake," he says, and will have it that she was visited by "the Greek witch Aphrodite . . . the immortal and gaudy idol of the soul's mania." It is an obstinate poeticism that speaks there; but Mr. Swift is not of the crowd who see what they will because they are frightened to see what they may. His picture of a married couple shadowed incessantly and openly by the woman's jilted lover derides the suggestion; so, too, does the brutal study of a valet, whose loathing for livery and passion for authority blossom at last in a reign of terror over his aged Scotch master. Mr. Swift should be the very man to put into art the coercive will-force manifested in hypnotism, which has hitherto been the refuge of bungling sensation-mongers. Both in "The Tormentor," and in the menial Dalbiac of the present novel, the writer exhibits intuitive science. Humour he gives us too; one may cite the cook who made a lamenting Frenchwoman swallow a pastry figure of herself. "Il faut avaler la tragédie!" he said.

In fact Mr. Swift is a power, as the phrase goes, though it were more correct to say two or three powers, the trouble being that they are at issue with one another. It is a

mistake to interlace two bizarre stories in one short volume, and to weaken good psychology with arbitrary melodrama. Writing with his two hands, as it were, Mr. Swift is a pathetic figure.

THE JALASCO BRIG. By LOUIS BECKE. (Treherne. 3s. 6d.)

MR. BECKE, when he is telling us the ways of the water and sky in the Southern Seas, is graphic and just; so, too, he can show us the islander with a touch that we recognise as right. Here he spins us a yarn of a stolen ship and of a stainless navigating officer who, by the aid of certain islanders, recovers her for the rightful owners. And in spinning this good enough yarn, we regret to say that he fails to rise above the conventions of his subject matter. "Shame, Captain Rowley!" he cried thrusting him back, "shame! would you murder an unarmed man?"—that, we submit, is the style of the penny dreadful; and unfortunately it is the style characteristic of the bulk of the story. Also the grammar often is wild.

If this is not early work we are the more deceived; and if it is early work, we cannot commend the discretion of an author with a reputation in suffering it to appear. In the two short stories printed between the same covers, we find traces of the Mr. Becke who knows the water and sky of the Southern Seas and the gentle islanders. But what, unless that of filling out a prescribed number of pages, is the business served here by a magazine article on "Fighting Whales"?

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE BANNER OF BLUE.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

"Grim, grey, dour, fell the early December twilight upon the seaboard parish of Gower. . . . But up on the side of Bennangour Anton MacMillan, the herd, drew his checked plaid more closely about him, and hummed a cheerful psalm." A story told by various narrators, and full of the dialect and matter which Mr. Crockett affects. A careful piece of work in the main, and marked by the author's usual unflinching invention. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

RANSON'S FOLLY.

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Mary Cahill, the daughter of the post-trader, liked Lieutenant Ranson "because he was no 'cracker-box' captain, but a fighter who had fought with no morbid ideas as to the rights or wrongs of the cause, but for the fun of fighting." Mr. Harding Davis writes with his accustomed vigour. The volume contains three other stories. "The Derelict" is a vivid tale of war correspondents, and of the battle of Santiago Harbour. (Heinemann. 6s.)

A STRETCH OFF THE LAND.

By G. STEWART BOWLES.

Sketches and stories of life on board a man-of-war. "The Honour of their Company" conveys a vivid picture of the gun-room mess. "Everyone in a gun-room can sing on occasion. . . . Many and strange are the songs. Songs from English music halls, from Japanese tea-houses . . . songs from the backwoods brought down to Sydney and heard after sunset floating along the great harbour; chanties from the ocean tramps; the songs and catches of all that world which can bring its speech or products to the sea." Mr. Bowles, who was "lately a sub-lieutenant in His Majesty's Fleet," is the author of "A Gun-Room Ditty Box." (Methuen. 6s.)

OVERDUE.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Mr. Stanhope admonishes his daughter Phyllis on her preference for Captain Mostyn of the merchant service. "Hundreds of these men are starving, and you are walking about with one of them." Phyllis confesses that she is already married to Captain Mostyn. Her father turns her out of the house with a cheque for £100. By the fifth chapter Mr. Clark Russell is happy in having her at sea with the Captain. All other methods having failed, she went on board as a stowaway. (Chatto. 6s.)

THE TRIUMPH OF COUNT OSTERMAN.

By GRAHAM HOPE.

A novel of diplomacy and of the Court of Peter the Great. The Tzar "had transplanted Russia from Asia to Europe; . . . she was beginning to grow now: she would soon flourish over-luxuriantly he feared, and need the pruning of a wiser gardener." The gardener upon whom Peter relied was his German minister, Osterman, whom he sought to attach to his adopted country by a Russian marriage. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to Prof. Morfill's "History of Russia." (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE POET'S CHILD.

By EMMA BROOKE.

Wynspear of Wandisforth loved his bride with the passion of a man "who postpones the chief movement of his affections to his thirty-fifth year." But, on a visit to the metropolis, his "white Madonna" made the acquaintance of the Poet. When Lord Wynspear died his will was found to contain curious conditions. If an heir were born "the act of bequeathment (which was also, in effect, an act affirming legitimacy) would depend on the attachment of her own signature." Lady Wynspear's position was difficult, for the son she bore was "The Poet's Child." (Methuen. 6s.)

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

By HAROLD MACGRATH.

A story of an American journalist who fell in love, was refused by the lady, came into money and went to London. After that follow adventures in getting copy concerning the Princess Hildegard of Hohenphalia, who had "disappeared again." Also the place of Phyllis is supplied by Gretchen, who promises in the end never to take up the sword again save in her lord's defence. A bustling story, well told, but of the impossible order. (Pearson. 6s.)

CONNIE BURT.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

When Maurice Ogilvie left Eton he observed to his housemaster, "I don't suppose I shall have to work for my living, so as I can read and write, and know what people mean when they talk about the Pons Asinorum, I expect I shall manage to rub along." But the estate became involved in debt, and when his father died, Maurice inherited nothing but the Baronetcy. He went to Australia, and was subsequently arrested for the murder of Connie, a lady of the music-hall stage, whom he had known in the days of his prosperity. (Ward Lock. 5s.)

KNIT BY FELONY.

By E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT.

Louis Tallantyre was the child of an eccentric recluse "whose attitude towards his son was a well-worn scandal of the country side." The boy had shown a disposition to villainy, but upon the death of his father without a will he "began life afresh as a wealthy subaltern in the regiment he had joined as a ragged, despairing recruit." The story moves to India. The author has assigned her pecuniary interest in the book to the "British Home for Incurables." (Richards. 6s.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Poetry of Silence.

THE philosophy of silence has been over and over again a favourite topic of the garrulous and the unphilosophic. Every one of us has been at one time or other compelled to listen to a wordy discourse upon the uselessness of words. The futility of all this in itself proves the impotence of words to translate a feigned attitude of the soul. But in literature there have been genuine expositors of silence, brooding souls haunted by the suggestions of a meaning to life wholly alien from the visible contact with men and things. Amongst these interpreters of silence there have been those whose silence consists in the voluntary refraining from speech, such as Sénancour. There have been others for whom silence means a listening in expectation of some new and mysterious vibration, such as Amiel. And finally there have been those who seem really to hear a deep inner voice, such as Maeterlinck. The first is lonely in his silence and remote from human sympathy. The second is paralysed by his very intentness, concentrated wholly upon catching the illusive whisper which is to explain the inexplicable. But for the third the meaning of life seems to be really luminous, and he is profoundly sympathetic with nature and with the human heart.

George Leneveu has called Maeterlinck a "collectionneur d'états d'âme," and in that one phrase he shows us the uselessness of comparing, for example, "Aglavaine et Sélysette" with any phase of modern drama. For Maeterlinck's drama is one in which the action is the expression of the soul rather than of the will. The characters speak, but one feels that this "action" neither commences with their speech nor ceases with their silence. It is infinitely subtle, but it is also permanent. Aglavaine glides through the play, shadowy as a dream, haunting as a dream. But one feels that she is and has always been. She has not told us her story as a woman of flesh and blood, but she has communicated to us the more evasive message of her soul. In other words, just as there is behind the tricks of gesture, the smile, the frown, the interrogative glance, the mocking challenge of ordinary social intercourse, a something which tells the sensitive who is their friend or their enemy, so Maeterlinck contrives to suggest by words that which is behind the mask of language, whether of word or gesture—the state of the soul. And to him these pervading phantoms with whom he communicates and through whom he speaks are nearer and more real than the creations of French drama who "ne peuvent pas se taire, ou ils ne seraient plus."

In a one-act play by De L'isle-Adam we have an extraordinary example of the same attitude of the soul brought into close contact with actuality. We see in this play, "La Révolte," two people for a few hours, and we learn their lives—that much it is the métier of the dramatist to teach us. But we learn more, and yet this little play is strangely differentiated from those of Maeterlinck. Baldly and briefly, Félix, the husband, is a man of commerce, sunk in commerce, lost in commerce. He believes in the gospel of the exact sciences and he sees plainly. For four

years, Elizabeth, his wife, has echoed his lucidity and has appeared in all things to see as plainly as her husband. But for four years she has been waiting for the hour of escape, and it is at that hour that the play opens. For in that hour she tells him all, how she has stifled in this atmosphere of regularity and calm, how she has longed for the escape which will give freedom to her soul. No lover claims her. "Je vais," she exclaims, "renouer avec le silence, c'est mon viel ami." So far the motif seems to be that of "The Doll's House" of Ibsen. In each case the woman leaves her husband to seek alone the real meaning of life. But in "La Révolte" the woman returns with the despairing cry on her lips: "Trop tard: je n'ai plus d'âme." They had beaten her in these four years of words and materialism; it was no longer possible for her "renouer avec le silence."

Some time ago Maurice Maeterlinck published twelve short poems which are typical of his inimitable symbolism. The volume has recently been translated into English by Mr. Martin Schütze (Seymour: Chicago). The translator shows in his preface a genuine appreciation of Maeterlinck and of the gospel of the "awakening of the soul." He has sympathy and enthusiasm, and now and again he comes near to caging in our language the illusive, unearthly melody of the Belgian poet. Here, for example, one might also imagine that he had really caught the fleeting beauty of its spirit:—

He thinks it is of strange import,  
He thinks it is a golden vein,  
He thinks it is an angel sport,  
He turns aside to pass again . . .

This is good, the cage is a golden one, but the melody of Maeterlinck comes from outside the bars. Listen to it:—

Il croit que c'est un signe étrange,  
Il croit que c'est une source d'or,  
Il croit que c'est un jeu des anges,  
Il se détourne et passe encore . . .

It is a commonplace that for the haunting vibrations of poetry there is much in favour of our language as compared with French. Moreover, these verses are of an extreme, an almost childish simplicity, and yet—

You are sixteen years my sisters,  
Go far away,  
Take my staff my sisters,  
And seek alway . . .

is very, very far from—

Vous avez seize ans, mes sœurs,  
Allez loin d'ici,  
Prenez mon boudon, mes sœurs,  
Et cherchez aussi . . .

how far, no subtlety of assonance or rhythm can ever explain. And this fact is the more significant because the translator in his preface dwells upon this poem as interpreting Maeterlinck's own striving for the splendid simplicity of the third "essence," the "sphere" of the soul life.

The syllables of these poems fall like far-off echoes breaking momentarily an immense silence. That is how they come to us. They tell no story of human love or hate, or joy or grief, but they summon us to an altitude at which soul speaks to soul in the subtle language of silence.

M. De L'isle Adam has shown us that it is impossible to translate into the language of action the soul life, which, blighted by materialism, loses its hidden power and dares not face silence. We have called these twelve lyrics the poetry of silence because they must ever remain remote from the common speech and thought of men. Neither Mr. Schütze nor anyone else will ever translate them except in a verbal sense, and mere verbal accuracy brings us but little nearer to them. For they vibrate from an atmosphere remote from us, an atmosphere of which

Maeterlinck has written in "Le Trésor des Humbles": "Les âmes se pèsent dans le silence, comme l'or et l'argent se pèsent dans l'eau pure, et les paroles que nous prononçons n'ont de sens que grâce au silence où elles baignent."

There, bathed in a cold and impenetrable silence, freed from intellect even as intellect has been freed from the senses, soul communicates to soul the secret of a larger harmony.

## Contrasts.

THE art of the short story in England is still almost a tentative art. The mere technical difficulties of the form have, we believe, been over-rated; the true difficulty lies rather in our national temperament, which does not run to sharp definition of ideas or verbal conciseness, and in particular may be referred to an inherent modern prejudice against the small thing well done. As a matter of fact, in literature, the small thing well done is not with us over-marketable, whereas for the small thing crudely done thousands of mouths are agape. This fact is clamant in our magazines, where the short story finds its birth and usually its grave. In America, we must admit, the short story is taken more seriously. There are half-a-dozen American writers who have made the short story almost great. One of those whom we propose to discuss is American, but we like to think of him as at least half our own.

Mr. Henry James has written scores of short stories, Mr. Israel Zangwill by no means so many; each has used the short story as a means of actual personal expression, and each has achieved success in a baffling art. No two methods could be more unlike than the methods of these writers; no real comparison is possible; yet the simultaneous publication of a volume of stories by each suggests certain contrasts which may be worth consideration.

Mr. Henry James's "The Better Sort" (Methuen) breaks no new ground. In the main Mr. James's characters are drawn from that leisured class which has always irresistibly appealed to a mind intent on dissecting vital trivialities, if we may be allowed the phrase. One of the stories, indeed, deals with a young newspaper man and a young newspaper woman, but these two talk, on the whole, pretty much as all Mr. James's people talk, which is to say that they play with conversational threads with the dexterity of conjurors. Mr. Zangwill's volume, "The Grey Wig" (Heinemann), has a rather wider range of subjects, and represents the author's work over a number of years. "The Big Bow Mystery" and "Merely Mary Ann" were first published some ten years ago; "The Grey Wig," if we remember rightly, only about twelve months ago. In the long-short story Mr. Zangwill has made distinct advance; "The Grey Wig" is more delicate, more persuasive, than the earlier stories we have named. But Mr. Zangwill, to our thinking, hardly approaches in this more elaborate work to the force and hard reality of certain of his brief "Ghetto Tragedies."

There is this similarity between Mr. James and Mr. Zangwill, that each builds up his fabric on trifles, each has an eye for those small things of life which are the essence of tragedy or comedy. But there the similarity ends. Mr. James works by suggestion, by implication; he demands from his readers not only a sympathetic mood, but also an acute intelligence; he will by no means act the part of conscious guide, through the delightful or terrifying labyrinths which he explores. As he makes one of his characters say, "it is not my fault if I am so put together as often to find more life in situations obscure and subject to interpretation than in the gross rattle of the foreground." Mr. Zangwill, on the other

hand, has little of Mr. James's elusiveness; he knows precisely what he wants to do, and does it with a firm assurance. But he give us none of those thrills, none of those sub-conscious recognitions, which spring from delicate art. Such a story as "The Big Bow Mystery," indeed, excellent though it is in its way, cannot be called art at all; it is a piece of clever mechanics, with mechanical characterization and mechanical effects. "Merely Mary Ann" is better, though in that story the study of the servant girl seems to us to miss the essentials in a curious and unaccountable way. Yet it is a story to be read, and gives Mr. Zangwill opportunities for the play of a suggestive and often bitter irony. Better still are "Chassé-Croisé" and "The Woman Beater," though again we feel that Mr. Zangwill's reading of women, at any rate of youngish women, is by no means profound. This, in a book described as "mainly a study of woman," is a defect which forces itself home. "The Grey Wig," which we take to be the best story in the volume, deals delightfully with two impoverished old ladies, and has in it both humour and pathos. As a piece of art, however, it is spoilt by an entirely arbitrary ending, which misses the effect of real tragedy. If we had to say in a word what Mr. Zangwill's work lacked, we should say it lacked beauty. It has no touch of lyrical impulse; its appeal is seldom to the imagination; its outlines are clear, hard, almost photographic. This, in certain of the "Ghetto Tragedies," was pure gain, but in work of the kind before us it is loss. We never seem to approach intimacy with Mr. Zangwill's characters; their cleverness is detached; they are of our world, indeed, but seldom of our household. And yet we should be sorry to see Mr. Zangwill attempt to depict ordinary sentiment, for when he approaches it we find ourselves at once in an artificial atmosphere where even mild passion assumes a pose. Mr. Zangwill has not yet perhaps discovered his limitations. It is important that he should discover them, for we have few writers, within those limitations, so sincere and so well-equipped.

Mr. James, on the other hand, discovered his limitations long ago. We are sometimes inclined to think that he has too deliberately circumscribed his method—his outlook was never circumscribed. There are two or three stories in the volume before us that intrinsically would seem to have been hardly worth doing, yet they are so accomplished in craftsmanship, so assured of touch, that for those qualities alone they remain minor achievements. Who but Mr. James could have written "The Story in It"? We have two women and a man; between a pair of them there exists an irregular affection which is most subtly suggested in a conversation which hovers round the abstract. The second woman loves the same man, but the romance for her consists in the fact that the man does not know it.

Mrs. Dyott continued to gaze. "The object's unaware —?"

"Utterly."

Mrs. Dyott turned it over. "Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"That's what you call your decency? But isn't it," Mrs. Dyott asked, "rather his?"

"Dear no. It's only his good fortune."

Mrs. Dyott laughed. "But yours, darling—your good fortune: where does *that* come in?"

"Why, in my sense of the romance of it."

"The romance of what? Of his not knowing?"

"Of my not wanting him to. If I did"—Maud had touchingly worked it out—"where would be my honesty?"

Later, Mrs. Dyott tells the man all about the other lady's infatuation, and the man sums up the thing like this:—

Not a romance like their own, a thing to make the fortune of any author up to the mark—one who should have the intention or who *could* have the courage; but a small, scared, starved, subjective satisfaction that would do her no harm and nobody else any good. Who but a duffer—he stuck to his contention—would see the shadow of a "story" in it?



The slightness of the sketch constitutes half its charm; so much is implied, so little expressed. It represents quite typically the remarkable alertness and intuition of Mr. James's mind—a mind which, as it were, thrusts forth innumerable tentacles to select from the mass its proper food. It is perhaps this selective faculty which marks Mr. James as a supreme artist; he seizes the apparently trivial and indicates how the trivial may guide great issues and victoriously assert itself as conqueror in the end. Comedy and tragedy, after all, are seldom heroic; they are compact of the infinite littlenesses which only in their unconscious accumulation load either side of the scales which we label with their names. There are, of course, gross tragedies and gross comedies whose mere crudity robs them of artistic value; those Mr. James very properly leaves to the dozens of writers who exploit them on and off the stage. Mr. James, indeed, always deals with reality; you may now and then doubt his means, you may occasionally be slightly annoyed by his deliberate indirectness, but you can never get away from the conviction that all the time he has his hand on some human pulse.

Of Mr. James's grip of essential tragedy we have a fine instance in the volume before us. "The Beast in the Jungle" is not heroic tragedy, it is pitiful and poignant tragedy, worked out with a precision and an analytical force which show Mr. James at his best. The story tells of a man who lived in fear of some terrible visitation, some beast in the jungle which might at any time leap upon him and bear him to destruction. The obsession is not rare in certain forms of nervous disease, but Mr. James raises the idea far above the regions of pathology. Marcher, when he was young, had hinted at this terror to a girl whom he met casually abroad; ten years later they meet casually again, and she asks, "Has it ever happened?" It had not happened, and the terror is still with him, so the pair glide into an intimacy whose core is the unknown beast. The woman becomes Marcher's protectress, as it were, the sole sharer of his devastating secret, and for years this curious intimacy continues, continues till the woman grows old and has the hand of death upon her. Then she understands, but he does not, and she refuses to tell him what she believes the dread to be. Says Marcher:—

"... I feel your beliefs are right. Therefore if, having this one, you give me no more light on it, you abandon me."

"No, no!" she repeated, "I'm with you—don't you see?—still." And as if to make it more vivid to him she rose from her chair—a movement she seldom made in these days—and showed herself, all draped and all soft, in her fairness and slimmness. "I haven't forsaken you."

And still the man did not see, nor did he see until the woman was dead, and the beast had leapt upon him:—

The escape would have been to love her; then, then he would have lived. She had lived—who could say now with what passion?—since she had loved him for himself; whereas he had never thought of her (ah, how it hugely glared at him!) but in the chill of his egotism and the light of her use.

The whole story is remarkable, not only in itself, but as one of those indirect comments upon life in general which Mr. James delights to give us.

There are indications that the short story in England is likely to assume some real vitality. It is, at any rate, a hopeful sign, though there is at present arrayed against it an almost impregnable want of knowledge and appreciation. With Mr. James and Mr. Zangwill there are others who have set their hand seriously to the work, and to these we look for the emancipation of an art too long fettered to the follies of an arbitrary convention and the assumed needs of a public which it should be the business of serious writers to lead and not to follow.

## Impressions.

### XXIII.—Our Dream.

THIS is what I read: "Those whom we believe to be dead have entered into real life, and they wait for our dream to finish." Putting down the book and closing my eyes I recalled, without effort, the time long ago when a companion had whispered that communication into my astonished ears. Now, by chance, idly turning the leaves of a volume in a second-hand book-shop, it cried out to me again, bringing back the time when I had first heard it. Was it a dream or reality? Had I really experienced the magnetism of that night, and heard that music?

But the impression of the violinist's personality was vivid enough. I saw her once, and once only, in the rough dining-room of a Bavarian inn among the mountains. She had walked modestly on to the temporary platform, indifferent to the family parties that were gathered at the tables. A young girl, pale, with large eyes and nondescript hair, she stood there for a moment tuning her violin. Then she played, and gradually the babble of talk ceased, heads were stretched forward, and over that assembly came silence. Did she realise the force of her extraordinary gift? Had she any prevision of the years to come when she would hypnotise the world as she held the few in that bare room? Probably not. Her entire sensibility was given to her playing; sometimes the emotion that went in gusts through her slight body, impelling music from the strings, made me start as if a shot had been fired. She played: it was as if we listened to a message from the dead. Voices spoke in the silence of that room. And a living voice, my companion's, whispered: "Those whom we believe to be dead have entered into real life, and they wait for our dream to finish."

Our dream! But when the violinist had finished, the spell that she had woven over us persisted. We were still initiated at a mystery. What happened later remains also part of the excursion into the unrevealed whither the violinist led us; one of the German family gatherings sang a part-song very quietly. This was the song:—

Wo weilt er?—Im kalten, im schaurigen Land.  
Wo ruht er?—Am Meere auf steinigem Sand.  
Was treibt er?—Er haschet das fliehende Glück.  
Was denkt er?—Er sehnt sich zur Heimath zurück.  
O grüsst ihn, ihr Wolken im schaurigen Land;  
O kühl't ihn, ihr Lüftchen, am steinigem Sand;  
O kränz' ihn, du falsches treuloses Glück.  
Ich ruf' ihn: "O kehre zur Heimath zurück."

The spell still held. I looked at my companion. Our minds were filled with the same bitter-sweet thought. But for him there was no return, only the waiting for our dream to finish. Then a figment of that dream, a longing that was warp and woof of it, found expression, and the Germans turned, stared, and listened gravely, eyes peering through spectacles at my companion, who sang in English this petition:—

I have desired to go  
Where springs not fail,  
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,  
And a few lilies blow.  
And I have asked to be  
Where no storms come,  
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,  
And out of the swing of the sea.

So that episode in our dream ended. It was long ago. I lived it over again in a flash, as the man in the German fable lived three hundred years listening for three minutes to a bird's song.

## "John Inglesant."

A FIGURE, curiously incongruous in English fiction, has passed away. It has not been usual for all English novelists, even the greatest of them, to regard their art quite seriously, but the late Mr. Shorthouse was one of the exceptions. The fashions of novels come and go, and occasionally they assume the mask of history. We are given, indeed, names and dates and phrases, but these things do not give flesh and blood to the phantoms that have been evoked so carelessly. There is a something hidden in the centuries which no amount of painstaking accuracy can ever reproduce, and because of this we recognize constantly beneath the sonorous appeals from the past, the imposture of an inadequate ventriloquism. Just now this ventriloquism is particularly obvious, and yet it is not so very long ago since an English book was published which was instinct with the historic sense, and the feeling for an age that had passed. These things give the glamour of tone, of atmosphere, the illusion of art penetrating through history. But there is another illusion to be found in "John Inglesant."

As you read this or that novel of to-day you feel that you are in the atmosphere of a conservatory. With others, again, you feel that you are in a garden, with others in fields, separated in each case one from the other, limited, arranged. Of the elemental influences, the influences of the sea, the plains, and the forest, these authors know nothing, and yet it is precisely by these primitive influences that some of the greatest writers have been dominated. Even to-day we have Pierre Loti, who has expressed with so subtle an analysis the barren passion of the sea, and Maxim Gorki, who translates for us the whisper of the steppes that challenges the wanderer to endless distances. Of the third influence, that of the forest, very few books—"Lorna Doone" is one of them—are more typical than "John Inglesant."

And just as this book is impregnated with a spirit utterly alien from that of the average novelist, so it expresses ideals that to the majority of us have become mere phrases. Briefly these ideals are, setting aside the question of religion, personal fidelity to a personal sovereign and single-hearted reverence for one woman. These two ideals in themselves revive an old attitude of thought towards history. For, since Voltaire, history has ceased to be the register of courts and camps, and, in sympathy with this democratic tendency, the novel has passed further and further away from romance and has drawn nearer and nearer to sociology. That the very word "chivalry" has become almost too meaningless to be used as a sneer is of course obvious, but this fact also can be accounted for by the same general movement. Democracy, which pulled the hero from his pedestal, did not spare the heroine. All men must stand a little higher, but there must be no pedestals: women must have their rights as sensible economic factors, but there must be no exaltation. There must, in point of fact, be very little worship of any kind. Against all this a very strong protest was written, and the protest was "John Inglesant."

This book was proudly called a romance, and in it the romantic as opposed to the sociological spirit is applied to history. It is the spirit which accepts a tradition without criticism and spurs a man to die for it without comment. It is the spirit which made of love the crown or the despair of heroism, a conquest or a martyrdom, anything under heaven excepting a sneer of fatigue. Well, in four vivid scenes these ideals find culminating utterance. The first comes to one with all the tragedy of history: it is the scene in which the king questions Inglesant about the ghost of Strafford. The second is that in which Inglesant allows the woman he loves to pass out of his life. The third scene is the one in which

Inglesant, "fighting a desperate battle for the King's honour, forsaken by God and men," lies for the House of Stuart. The fourth is the one in which Mary Collet dies. In these four scenes, historic and personal—the personal loyalty to the woman merging always in the personal loyalty to the sovereign—we find a picture of life without which literature would be the poorer, a conception of conduct concerning which all words are idle:—

The old familiar glamour that shed such a holy radiance on the woods and fields of Gidding, now, to Inglesant's senses, filled the little convent room. The light of heaven that entered the open window with the perfume of the hawthorn was lost in the diviner radiance that shone from this girl's face into the depths of his being, and bathed the place where she was in light. His heart ceased to beat, and he lay, as in a trance, to behold the Glory of God.

That "glamour" of the forest and that "light" of the soul are symbolic of the romance called "John Inglesant."

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

By the death of Gaston Paris the world of letters loses a most distinguished and seductive personality. In his youth he was known as "le beau Gaston," and his amorous adventures were many and famous. Fifteen years ago, when I came to Paris to settle here, I first met him, and even then, though long past youth, he was remarkably handsome, with a singular charm of manner and conversation. There was inevitably that touch of slightly affected graciousness that marks the conquerors of both sexes, a certain self-consciousness of charm and magnetism which evidently men and women appreciate since it everywhere accompanies fascination. But how admirably, how easily he spoke, with a delightful modulation and a delicate insistence of gesture to accentuate his utterance! I preferred him infinitely in the simpler days, before he became the director of the College of France, when I constantly met him at intimate little dinners, and he charmed us all by lamp-shade with his witty and suggestive talk. I have never heard anyone tell a tale so supremely well as he. The mystery to us all who tasted the graceful charm of his conversation was how he managed to write in so cumbrous, so laboured, so involved a style. As a writer he lacked most of the qualities he possessed so pre-eminently as a talker. His touch was heavy and pedantic: he, so sure a critic of French prose, could give to his own nothing of the charm, the grace, the witching lightness and clarity that characterise that matchless medium of wit. This was possibly due to the fact that his serious studies were made in Germany, and the forming years of style were spent over long-winded German sentences. At his instant request I consented to translate his last book, written for Messrs. Dent, "Mediaeval French Literature," and in many cases I have split up his sentences into five or six. One I remember numbered exactly fifty lines. The book did not attract the attention due to it in England, thanks to the unworthy way it was produced, which excited the indignation of many of his disciples in England and France. Such an important contribution to letters deserved a different treatment at the hand of the publishers, and poor M. Paris was so disappointed at the ugly and inconspicuous dress of his last work in English that he did not even send out the presentation copies he had promised to his intimate friends, and wrote me a lamentable little letter, the last I received from him—for almost immediately afterwards his long winter illness began—expressing his great regret that I should have



been induced to devote so much labour upon a task so ill-rewarded. In friendship he was extraordinarily faithful and devoted, and he inspired an unlimited affection in his pupils. The modern French novel he abhorred, and when some time ago I attacked this nauseous literature in the ACADEMY, he wrote and thanked me warmly, saying that no foreigners could find books like those of Louys, &c., more odious than Frenchmen like himself. In fact, unless assured by some one on whose opinion he could rely that a new novel was not pornographic, he declined to open it. Even "Gyp" he held to be "infamous," and was seriously distressed when a writer like Anatole France descended to competition with the band of novelists who, as he sternly put it in a letter to me, "enervate and degrade France."

When "La Terre qui Meurt" appeared, we fondly believed that in M. René Bazin a novelist of the first rank was revealed. But since then M. Bazin has given us two novels, "Les Oberlé" last year, and this month "Donatienne," and alas! neither is above the level of mediocre literature. There was an indescribable and mournful charm in "La Terre qui Meurt" which we look for in vain in "Donatienne." The former is a tale that lingers long in the memory with the sweetness and delicacy of an unforgettable melody. It holds its place with "La Mare au Diable" or "La Petite Fadette" of George Sand, but nothing in "Donatienne" arrests or captivates us. It is merely a well-written story, spoiled by an improbable ending. It is quite unlikely that a woman capable of Donatienne's heartless abandonment of husband and young children not even for an overwhelming passion, but for the mere perverse attractions of city luxuries, would be touched by their accumulated misfortunes and return to them in the very depth of poverty. The sufferings of the father and children are great, and the father's dogged peasant pride in concealing from his fellows of the road the humiliating fact that his wife has forsaken him touches our sympathy, but somehow M. Bazin has failed to give his treatment of the subject the note of pathos he so obviously strives for. It is forced and dull, though the writing is careful, deliberate, and finished. But Louarn's miseries do not seem to us inevitable. Having his children there, and all young, one wonders why he should choose to sell his home and wander like a vagabond because his wife, who went up to Paris as a wet-nurse, prefers to stay there instead of returning to her humble Breton hearth. It is doubtful if anywhere in France the mother of young children she loved would be capable of this choice. Donatienne becomes the mistress of a coachman she does not love, and opens a public-house. In this way, after years of suffering and privation, Noëmi, her eldest daughter, is able to communicate with her, and, hearing of her husband's illness and infirmity, Donatienne leaves her lover, her public-house, and Paris, and rushes back to her miserable family on the wings of love. We are not convinced that in the flesh Donatienne would have been guilty either of the abandonment or the return.

Léon de Tinseau is a mild and amiable writer whom the Young Person can read without emotion or a blush. "La Princesse Errante" is an interesting story with some semblance of being taken from life, else why make his princess by choice a stewardess? For a French novel it is curiously exotic. A beautiful Swede is betrayed by the prince Royal, and exiled after compulsory marriage. Her life and her daughter's in America are told with a striking air of actuality.

H. L.

## Drama.

### The Glamour of Melodrama.

THE devotee of melodrama will find his earthly paradise just now at the Adelphi, where they are giving Mr. Walter Melville's "realistic sensational" piece of "The Worst Woman in London." Already, one understands, the play has had its vogue in districts which very properly plume themselves upon being judges of melodrama. There can be no doubt that it is the real thing. Mr. Melville will have none of your half-and-half compromises. He is no Wilson Barrett or Hall Caine, with their sneaking desire to be literary. Nor does he share the megalomania of Drury Lane, with its craze for scenic splendour, for the well-drilled crowd and the ingenious mechanism. He is content to rely on human flesh and blood, to search the wickedness and exalt the nobility of the human heart. Like Bill Crichton, he "plays the game." The ancient moral issue shall be plainly stated. The villains shall be frankly black; the righteous shall be spotless as the ermine. And in the end, justice shall be done. And so four acts full of dark treacheries and outspoken loyalties, full of plots frustrated and thrilling escapes. Here are all our old friends once more: the broken man in search of his revenge, the lover over whom hangs a wholly unmerited cloud of suspicion, the faithful girl with blonde hair and trusting eyes, the adventuress with copper locks and a wry smile, the amorous and senile pantaloons who falls a ready victim to her snares. And for comic relief what do you want more than the policeman, the cook, the outwitted detective, the "drunks" of both sexes? From such the rill of honest laughter flows perennial. If one may suggest a fault, it is perhaps to be found in a certain dissipation of the dramatic interest, which swells to its stirring situation at the end of each act, while the progressive unity which should bind the acts into a whole is somewhat neglected. The piece is episodic, rather than epic, in its conception.

This invasion of West by East is not without its amusing features. It is, of course, the occupants of the gallery who set the critical key-note; their unstinted applause which the virtuous sentiments never fail to wake; their groans and cat-calls, which, at the fall of the curtain, send Miss Edith Cole flying in mock terror to the wings. The stalls are less vocal, but I do not think that they are for the most part unsympathetic. There are deaf souls, one fears, in every audience; and certain scenes, notably, a sort of inverted Desdemona business, in which the pantaloons, dressed in a long white nightgown, puts himself to bed in preparation for his murder, evoke in the minority manifestations of unholy mirth, at which the majority wax indignant. For my part I remember the day on which the Philistines sniggered at the live filaments of Mélisande's hair hung out of the window, and am avenged. It will, perhaps, be apparent that I have not the "Open Sesame!" of melodrama. This particular glamour is not for me. Possibly my play-going days came too late. But I am quite aware that it has been a very real glamour for many persons, whose critical opinions I should be the last to despise. Thackeray, for example, loved the "vast, delightful complication of crime" of plays hardly more literary than the "The Worst Woman in London." Charles Lamb, too, one is sure, sat out a goodly number of melodramas in his day. The type can hardly be dismissed as merely the tragedy-comedy of the illiterate. Evidently it must respond to some instinct in the human mind which ought not to be beyond the reach of analysis. I imagine that the very crudity of the melodramatic presentation of things has a good deal to do with the matter. We live, as at the end of the last century we were never tired of reminding each other, in an age of analysis. The task of criticism is the application of psychology to imaginative literature. The realisation of the infinite complexity of human character

and conduct, the discrimination of delicate shades of motive, the finer moral judgment: such are the ends at which, not without some difficulty and stress of spirit, we aim. Melodrama is the reaction from all this to what certainly is not a more true, but as certainly is a simpler and less fatiguing attitude towards life:—

In tragic life, God wot!  
No villain needs be. Passions spin the plot.  
We are betrayed by what is false within.

But melodrama rejects the introspective mood, and finds it far neater and more intelligible to have the recognised and apparent villain. "Purr, the cat is gray!" says the psychologist. "Pooh!" says melodrama, "a cat is white, or it is black, and there's an end of it."

I need hardly say that the tradition of melodrama on the English stage is very much older than that of either tragedy or comedy. The formula of the miracle-plays, with their vast cosmic theme of the Fall and the Redemption, is essentially melodramatic. They have their incarnate villain, in Lucifer, their protagonist of righteousness, their visible heaven and hell, their crude symbolism of white-robed "savyd sowles" and black-a-vised "dampnyd sowles." Falstaff "saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire." The devils, with their horns and hoofs, and clanging chains and beaten kettles, as you might see them not so long ago painted on the walls of the Guild Chapel at Stratford-on-Avon, afforded the comic relief, at least as dear to the mediæval crowd as to the modern gallery. They were also the ministers of poetic justice. It was their business to drag the "dampnyd sowles," into the smoking hell, fashioned like the gullet and jaws of a fabulous monster, while the "savyd sowles" passed up the rickety stairs amongst the choirs of singing angels to the heaven on high. And, naturally, there was not much of psychological subtlety about the moral judgments of the miracle-play. Stay! I do remember one instance. In the twelfth-century Anglo-Norman play known as the "Jeu d'Adam," each of the Old Testament fathers and prophets is in turn haled off to hell after his part has been played, because the time of salvation is not yet. But a distinction is made. After the scene of Cain and Abel comes the stage-direction: "Venientes autem diaboli ducent Chaim saepius pulsantes ad infernum; Abel vero ducent mitius." Damnation for both; but a hard damnation for Cain and a gentle damnation for Abel. The tempering of justice with mercy, inadequate as it is, must be taken as a concession to the psychologist.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

## Art.

### Dutchmen and a Recluse.

ADVANCE paragraphs about the opening of the French Salons, with the pictorial orgy they herald, predisposed me to visit the two exhibitions of Dutch pictures that have just been opened in London. With the Dutchmen you may count upon sobriety, repose, and painting that is distinguished and unaffected. Essentially is this so with the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, a collection of whose works is now being shown at Messrs. Lawrie's, in Bond Street. It is not easy to analyse the intellectual pleasure that such a picture as "The Portrait of a Boy," by Frans Hals, gives. So simply done, with such apparent ease, this portrait rests in its frame in calm assurance that no vagary of fashion, no change of taste, can ever detract from its perfect accomplishment and grave beauty. Nothing in it disturbs or distracts: against one of these faintly lighted walls that the

Dutchmen painted so consummately, you notice that pale, studious boy reading. That is all. And this is by that astonishing Hals who could paint a jolly cavalier, a jovial group, or a wanton serving-maid with the same unerring instinct for the true meaning of what he saw before him. How clear and direct was his vision: he saw, rare gift! things as they are, and no wiles of the imagination ever came between him and his work to weaken or falsify it. That Reading Boy remains with one like some august portrait by Velasquez. And Terburg! How describe the particular charm that such a picture as his "Card Party" has! The players are not attractive, there is no particular interest in the incident. A group of card players on the walls of the Royal Academy rouses no emotion, but this family gathering in a Dutch room of the seventeenth century has the elements of greatness, and appeals as only a masterpiece can. Is it because the greatest of the Dutchmen felt intensely what Manet expressed in words: "Light is the principal person in a picture"? But there is light and light. For Manet and his school it was the vibrating light of the sun in the open air. For Terburg, Vermeer, de Hooch, and Hals it was the pale light that filters from grey skies into dark, panelled rooms, giving feeling to walls, and life to the texture of clothes. It was his profound knowledge of the subtleties of imprisoned light that enabled Terburg to give such loveliness to the satin dress worn by the woman in his picture of "The Card Party."

But it is not to the Dutchmen we go for the brilliant light of day on meadow, stream, and harvest field. The French impressionists, among others, made that their province, but those vivid pioneers are not for all moods. Oftener I am drawn to the men of 1830—Corot, Troyon, Daubigny, Michel, &c.—some of whose pictures, from the collection of Sir John Day, were shown last year at Messrs. Obach's galleries, and discussed in these columns in the month of March. We were then promised a sight of the second part of Sir John Day's collection—the Dutch pictures. These are now on view, twenty-nine of them, and all belong to the nineteenth century. I found the first glimpse of this collection a little disappointing. The strong note of individuality, and the exquisite quality of the paint that distinguishes the work of the Dutchman of the seventeenth century, has disappeared. These men of the nineteenth are cosmopolitan, and something of the sadness of the modern has suffused itself into their pictures. They no longer, as a class, delight in painting simple interiors, episodes of domestic and social life for their own sake; and when they step into the open air, one feels that they have not really challenged the light of the sun. Mesdag bears an honoured name in the world of art, but his grey seas, stormy sunsets, and threatening skies lack, for me, the vitality and gusto that would make them entirely acceptable. Israëls is another honoured name, but he sees life in terms of weariness and sorrow. His "Anxious Wife" seated in a darkening room peers through the window into the sunset, and not all the glow of the evening light outside can make the picture pleasing. Anton Mauve, who is apparently a favourite with Sir John Day, as he has purchased twelve of his pictures, has seen the sunlight, and followed it flecking through trees and glinting on the backs of sheep nibbling as they walk. Mauve will show you cows ruminating in line against a bare landscape, and tended by a Bastien Lepage figure that stands wilfully out from the picture. But Mauve is not a master. Let him be described as one of the talented.

Fortunately for the critic, there is in every exhibition some group of pictures that stirs the imagination, some painter whose personality stands out from the rest, offering himself as a subject for the pen. The youngest of the brothers Maris gave me this opportunity. More than half the pictures in this collection are by one or other of the three brothers. Jacob, the eldest, who died four years



ago, was sometimes a great landscape painter. In such pictures as the "Towing Path" and "Ploughing" there is movement and vigour, as there is in the scurry of the clouds in his "Flickering Moon." His later pictures, such as "Amsterdam from the River" and "Near Dordrecht," have a quiet charm in keeping with the Dutch waterways and buildings that grow old so beautifully. William, the second brother, has a daintier touch. Pleasing are the delicate greens of his "Cattle in the Meadows," and you can judge of his disposition by reading the titles of two of his other pictures, "Ducks in a Pond" and "Cattle in the Meadows." But there is little to single him out from other landscape painters of ability.

With the youngest brother, William Maris, it is different. From time to time during the past decade I have seen pictures by him, and always with the feeling that here was a man of personal vision, reproducing in his work some remote, mystical inheritance that transforms all he sees. Like Mantegna, Botticelli, Rossetti, and Burne Jones, his pictures recall the phrase, "beauty touched with strangeness." On each is impressed the illusive outreachings of a complex temperament, on the "He is Coming," which was etched some years ago by Mr. Hole, on the two small pictures by him that stand out in curious isolation in this exhibition. It is difficult to express in words the charm of "The Four Mills." Is it the golden tone of this study of buildings and water? Is it the precision and quality of the painting, or the gay unobtrusive lighting of the picture, with its tiny incidents that only disclose themselves when you peer into it? Wherein lies the charm of his "Feeding Chickens"? Is it enough to say that it evokes the same feeling as a Hans Andersen fairy tale? Matthew Maris is an artist with a temperament. The gift of the inner eye is his.

Eager to know more about him, I referred to "Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century," and there I found a long, illustrated article on Matthew. Let me quote two passages. When he went to Paris "the most beautiful pictures were begun, but that eternal dissatisfaction—which was as obstinate as that deep melancholy which penetrates into the innermost soul of a man, until the two become inseparable—took away all his powers of work and destroyed his confidence, which was already wrecked by overmuch seeing and admiring." Later in the article I find this about our "dreamer from the misty North," who is described as having the touch of a van Eyck, with the culture of a Da Vinci: "a visionary wandering and lost in these unsettled times; a stranger whose sensitiveness prevented him from making friends; an idealist not proof against the materialism of to-day; a lonely man in every sense of the word."

He is living now in a suburb of London where he has "found rest and isolation."

C. L. H.

## Science.

### The Evidence for Telepathy.

My thanks are due to Sir Oliver Lodge for his courtesy in offering to submit to me the material bearing on the subject of thought-transference or telepathy that has been collected by the Society for Psychical Research during the past twenty years. I was led to the subject by Sir Oliver Lodge's third presidential address recently delivered to that Society, in which he spoke of telepathy as being scientifically proved and accepted. If this were so, which I utterly deny, the fact would be of immeasurable importance. Indeed I am astonished that Sir Oliver does not now devote himself to this subject to the exclusion of all others. His theory of electrons (to which I believe

the great problems of heredity may some day be referred) might be left to other physicists. Sir William Crookes' investigations into the occult have led him to a "brick wall"; but Sir Oliver's beliefs on the most fascinating of all subjects for thought would lead him and us (if they be well founded) to conclusions of quite incalculable value. Now that he has perfected his system of wireless telegraphy and has therein obtained an analogy for thought-transference far superior to any imagined or suggested before (and the telepathist loves the argument from analogy), he might crown all by the discovery and adaptation of the laws—for laws there surely must be—that govern the transmission of thought directly from mind to mind.

The difficulty of conceiving an hypothesis for telepathy and the fact—may I be forgiven for alluding to it—that the Society for Psychical Research is, to say the least of it, not a body of physiologists, is no doubt the reason why the Society confines its efforts almost entirely to the unimpeachable and perfectly scientific method of proving that telepathy exists—that it is, in Sir Oliver Lodge's words, an "experimental fact." And if the fact be proven, then the *a priori* objectors, myself included, must away to the limbo of most of their predecessors. Necessarily, therefore, it would be the sheerest folly for me to attempt to prove that telepathy cannot be, unless I have first sifted the evidence in as judicial a manner as I may. If it be found wanting, then one may venture to suggest the reason.

Needless to say, if, to take a favourite instance, a person at one end of a room guesses correctly a proportion of the suits and numbers of playing-cards which he has not himself seen, and which are turned up at random and earnestly gazed upon by someone at the other end of the room, the question at issue depends upon the relation of these correct guesses to the number which must follow the Laws of Chance. (I use the term "guess," which is an invidious one, not because it favours my view, but because it is convenient and, as such, is used by the Society itself.) And here "let us clear our minds of cant." The Society for Psychical Research has suffered beyond telling from accusations of one or another form of dishonesty. From these I entirely dissociate myself. The Society wishes to get at truth, and is, of course, striving to do so as honestly as any other body or person. In the very nature of things, it labours under exceptional disadvantages in this regard. "Spiritualist cases" and the like must be a bitter pill for the believer, but they have no necessary connection with his beliefs nor should they have with ours. Every word of the Society's "Proceedings," over which I have spent much of the past weeks, must be freed from any suspicion of conscious fraud, and must be accepted and criticised as one would accept (and criticise, if one could) an equation concerning electrons—without for one moment questioning the propounder's good faith.

Now since the protagonist of telepathy must prove that his results are beyond probability, Sir Oliver's paper, to take an instance, in Part II. of Vol. II. of the Society's proceedings, is simply valueless. Let me quote: "In proceeding to the details of the actual experiments, it would take far too long to recount the whole—failures as well as successes; I shall only describe a few from which a more or less obvious moral may be drawn." From a selected few, of course, no moral may be drawn—or certainly not the moral intended. When I asked a representative and official supporter of telepathy how he accounted for failures, he said (I copy the words from my note-book, for they were too good to trust to memory), "Well, it's exactly the same—mind, I don't say that there's the slightest analogy, but it's exactly the same as if you had twenty Marconi instruments all going at once across a given area." No comment on the contradiction in terms is needed. And it will be seen that some form of hypothesis is inevitable. Naturally enough, it takes the form of brain-waves, though

Sir Oliver says I must not attribute any such hypothesis to him. Mr. Podmore, I believe, has suggested some form of ether-wave. Certainly to those who know nothing of the physiology of the grey surface of the brain, the "cortex cerebri," and who imagine that it acts by means of waves, ethereal or other, some such hypothesis may appear tenable. I may here say that electrical waves pass between less and more excited portions of the brain as they do in muscle or, indeed, as Dr. Bose has shown, in carrots or in tin. The relation of these waves to thought is entirely accidental. Changes in the nerve-cells, especially in their nuclei, are however, to be found associated with thought, with fatigue and with sleep, and well worth pondering over they are. Recently it has been shown that Hertzian waves may affect the brain of the cat; it would be very surprising if they did not; and the effects of thunderous weather in causing headache and the like may be so explained. This, as briefly as possible, is all that is at present known about brain waves. And at this point I may quote—it speaks for itself—an opinion about crystal-gazing expressed in a lecture which Sir Oliver has sent me, and by which he may therefore be assumed to stand. "It is possible that the clairvoyant is responding to some unknown world-mind of which he forms a part." Similarly, when I suggested to my informant quoted above that the brain was the organ of mind, and that before one was qualified to experiment or to express opinions upon the action of that organ, he must study its structure and action in health, must observe it in gross disease and in hysteria, and must then study it for at least three months in a lunatic asylum, he asked: "Can you say that the brain is the only organ of mind?" Well, of course I cannot. Neither can I say that there may not be some obscure corner of the universe wherein the law of gravitation does not act. But if facts were laid before me which suggested some defiance of established law I should attempt to find some simpler explanation before I was prepared to recant my belief in that law. So in dealing with the occult, we must follow Sir William Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, and seek for the simplest explanation, which is the explanation that does not contradict ascertained knowledge, before saying that the brain is not the only organ of mind or that gravitation does not act everywhere.

The most successful experiments recorded were made by Prof. Sedgwick in 1889. To these, as crucial, my attention has been specially directed. The "percipients" were hypnotised and guessed numbers at which the "agent," Mr. Smith (the hypnotiser) was gazing. When the two were in the same room the results were 131 successes out of 644; when in different rooms 9 successes out of 228. The figures chosen ranged between 10 and 90, and a success was counted whether the figures were given in the right order or reversed. The results are far above probability when the two were in the same room. Having carefully studied the account of the experiment, with the conditions as far as they are stated, and with the accompanying conversation, I record my opinion that these experiments prove nothing. I am not going to consider here the possible explanations—such as unconscious whispering, &c.—of the results. I can only say that I believe the Society for Psychical Research has not established telepathy as an experimental fact; that, even if it be a fact, the Society cannot hope to prove it until its members have completed courses in a psycho-physiological laboratory (and that means some years in simpler laboratory work first); and that, meanwhile, it is more than doubtful whether they are not fostering credulity and superstition with all the innumerable and often terrible evils to which the boards of the Regent Street sandwich-men, the advertisements in fashionable papers, the Law Courts, and the experience of every one of us bear implicit or explicit witness.

C. W. SALEBY.

## Correspondence.

### Nietzsche.

SIR,—Perhaps a word may be said by way of supplement to Miss Beatrice Marshall's letter, in which she attributes the cold reception of Nietzsche's writings in England partly to the erratic way in which the translations are being issued. No doubt the difficulties and delays attending the issue of the translations have tended to discourage the study of Nietzsche's writings, and the fact that the earlier volumes were supervised and printed in Germany probably made them less suitable for English readers. It seems to me, however, that deeper causes have had a more potent influence. The English mind, more steeped in Christianity, Utilitarianism and Neo-Hegelianism than the continental mind, is less receptive, at present, of ideas hostile to these convenient doctrines. This natural antagonism of the English mind to Nietzsche's ideas has, moreover, been further intensified by the misrepresentations of ignorant and interested parties, who have also exploited Nietzsche's illness, by using it as a popular sophistical argument to prove the worthlessness of his teaching. The brutal criticisms formerly passed upon Nietzsche had doubtless considerable influence, in the first place, in prejudicing the public against his works.

It may also be that some of Nietzsche's friends, who appreciate highly his early works, are too much inclined to belittle his later writings, notwithstanding that the latter—especially "Zarathustra" and the "Genealogy of Morals"—have really brought Nietzsche into prominence. As these later volumes contain Nietzsche's most original ideas, and can generally be tolerably well understood apart from his earlier writings, they were naturally the first to be selected for translation and publication, just as the most important works of other foreign writers—for example, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" and Goethe's "Faust"—are generally translated earlier than their less important works. "The Case of Wagner," which is a very short work, was translated first, owing especially to the valuable "Epilogue" it contains, in which the distinction between slave-morality and master-morality is very clearly and concisely set forth. "Le Cas Wagner," in a separate volume, was also one of the first of the French translations of Nietzsche's works, and it does not appear to have greatly prejudiced the French against Nietzsche, judging from the number of editions which have already been issued of some of the French translations, which have not, any more than the English translations, been issued in chronological order.

—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS COMMON.

112, George Street, Edinburgh.

### Wanted—Two Words.

SIR,—May I call attention to a curious coincidence in connection with the use (although now regarded as a misuse, or at all events a provincialism) of the words father-in-law and mother-in-law to express the double relationships of father-in-law and step-father, and mother-in-law and step-mother respectively. Evidently words were wanted to express the meaning of step-father and step-mother, and they were accordingly forthcoming; but may we not, therefore, consider ourselves fortunate as compared with our neighbours across the Channel? The French still not only use the words beau-père and belle-mère for father and mother-in-law, and step-father and mother, but, as far as I have been able to learn, have as



yet no other word (single or compound) to distinguish the two relationships, as we have. So that, as I understand it, a Frenchman, if he happens to have a mother-in-law, and his father marrying again presents him with a step-mother (it does not matter which marriage happens first), has to use a circumlocution if he wishes to make a distinction between the two ladies in speaking of them to another person. In such a precise language as the French, surely this want should be supplied. There is a word that expresses the relationship of a step-mother (*marâtre*), but it is only used in a figurative sense.

Now, with regard to step-son and step-daughter, and son-in-law and daughter-in-law, the distinction can be and is made by using *beau-fils* and *belle-fille* for the first pair and *bru* and *gendre* for the latter.

In the case of step-brother and step-sister we can say *frère consanguin* or *sœur consanguine* (familiarily, *frère de père, sœur de père*) if desired to indicate relationship on the father's side only; or, if by the same mother only, the expressions *frère utérin, sœur utérine*, are available (*fam, frère de mère, sœur de mère*). Sometimes *demi-sœur* is used (half-sister), but where are the words for step-father or mother? For want of better, may I suggest the adoption of *demi-père* and *demi-mère*, or do these or other expressions exist after all? I should be pleased to hear that the lacunæ exist only in my imagination and that of the few French people of whom I have made fruitless enquiries.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD LATHAM.

61, Friends Road, East Croydon.

### "The Supreme Question."

SIR,—In reading Mr. C. W. Saleeby's article, "The Supreme Question," in the *ACADEMY* of a week or two ago, I was struck with the warmth of feeling with which he argued for the Immortality of the Soul, combating Haeckel's thesis. For, after all, that is the only "Supreme Question," as if we are not to live again, it cannot affect us at all whether there be a God or no, or whence we came, or what will become of us as a race.

And yet it always seems to me that what a man really requires is not Immortality itself so much as a permission to believe in Immortality as a consolation for his troubles in life and as a palliative for his fear of death. In this sense he almost may be said to *need* this conviction, as a dream to sweeten his waking hours.

For it is only with his waking hours that the idea can have any concern. The desire to live again hereafter may occur to me with poignancy during the day, but the moment that I fall asleep, both the thought and the desire are immediately as though they had never been. Should God neglect for ever to awaken me again He would be doing me no injury, for I would have no interest in His action one way or the other. For I also am as though I had never been, and one cannot injure that which does not exist. It were as reasonable to assert that the Creator does wrong to unimaginable myriads of uncreated souls because He has not willed them into conscious life.

This is, no doubt, blunderingly expressed, but I may perhaps put it more briefly, thus: That, although to my conscious mind it may seem—owing perhaps to the innate instinct for self-preservation—of immense importance that I should live again, yet the moment my consciousness is in abeyance—whether in sleep, or swoon, or death—it is actually of no moment to me at all.—Yours, &c.,

E. K. L.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 181 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original opening paragraph of an unwritten novel. Forty-one replies have been received. Many competitors seem to be in doubt as to the meaning of the word "paragraph"; some attempts consist of half a dozen paragraphs. We award the prize to Mr. T. McEwen, Ardlin, Bloomfield, Belfast, for the following:—

The Red Lion Inn, Kirkmabon, was the "howff" of all the "gangrel bodies" for twenty miles around. Here, one day in the height of summer at the humming time of day, foregathered Jingling Jimmy, the tippling tinker, Rob Affleck, the mole-catcher, dark and mysterious as his quarry, Jock Candlish, the wandering sweep, garrulous and jovial, and Steve Wallace, a man of no ostensible occupation, but who was known through all the countryside as the most skilful poacher that ever set a spring or tickled a roosting pheasant. With the blood of these men had mingled the wine of the hills that soaks through the pores of a man and flows in at his nostrils, his mouth and his eyes as he lies on the purple heather beneath the corn-ripening sun, or traipses the moorland road drenched to the skin by the clinging mist and the driving drizzle. Every mother's son of them had found out long ago the secret of the heather ale, little though they knew it; but had they been conscious of its possession not one would have kept it inviolate against the bribe of a glass of whisky. During the short, scented summer nights they would rather make their beds beneath a dew-catching hedge than lie pillowed on down under any corniced ceiling, and out from the fragrant tracken they would creep when the earliest flush of dawn made rosy the mountain tops, while the burns in the valleys still ran noisy and dark. These men were neither saints nor rhytmsters; they drank hard and cursed vigorously; but to look on the solemn mystery of dawn over the familiar moor and the quiet going down of the sun behind the mountains of home was as necessary to their life as the air they breathed.

Other replies follow:—

By the side of a rough track across a north country moor, there stands a small square slab of stone on which is graven in rude characters these words: "Here John Thorne was cast away in a heavy snowstorm in the night in or about the year 1735. The print of a woman's shoe was found by his side in the snow where he lay dead." On one side the moor falls away to a stream, flowing sluggishly in its dark channel, worn deep in the brown peat, past a solitary farm, whose gaunt gable timbers, shrunken and twisted by the course of years, suggest bones protruding from a withered body; and then rises to a bare ridge on whose summit stands the whitened trunk of a dead fir. On the other the dun heath, scarred with bare patches of black earth and strewn with grey boulders, sweeps up to where rugged crags stand out in weird fantastic shapes upon the skyline. In winter, spring, and autumn the north wind—

"Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds  
That come aswooning over hollow grounds,  
And wither drearily on barren moors."

scours the dreary waste, or the packs of mist stealing noiselessly onward cover everything in a white shroud: in summer the sun beats down pitilessly till the barren earth quivers in its scorching rays, and the raw scent of the peats rises in hot waves, while the all including silence is broken only by the wail of the curlew that wings its heavy flight above. [E. W., West Didsbury.]

This is the man as he was known—one whose very existence was not suspected by the more human part of this so-called human race; yet one whose very existence was felt, and being felt, was hated by the secret societies of three continents. He was known by the sign "XA" which marked his path and sealed his ultimatum. By this was he known on the proscribed list of each of the eleven deadly all-enfolding snakes of that vast decaying empire of the far East. In a like manner was he known to those cliques that terrorised the commercial life of the Western World; and to each of the secret societies that existed in every country of Europe. I have said his existence was known; but beyond that fact there was an unfilled gap, a blank space, in the knowledge of those from whom so little else was had, yet, whose circuit of intimate and binding acquaintance with the affairs of their own particular sphere being broken at this one point, could produce but fitful disconnected sparks and no continuous current of activity. His sign stood on the list of the proscribed, yet, while others were placed there for a short time and then removed for ever, the sign of "XA" remained to mock the efforts to overthrow the man whom it represented. He has now passed beyond the reach of these his enemies, unconquered to the end; to me has he bequeathed the task of opening to the world the story of his life, his work, and its results.

[R. L. C., Liverpool.]

A large hall, with rusted iron, rotting wood, a bare floor paved with shattered stone flags. Over everything the sense of damp, the dreadful smell of mouldering things. The walls were no longer white, and you would think that blood had once streamed thickly down. A gruesome fancy—and yet those falling brown stains were such as a man knows for blood long-dried. Round the room ran a frieze. It was made of skull-less skeletons loosely hung in dangling chains; and as the wind moaned through the rent walls, a skeleton would stir and touch another, creaking and clanging, and the other would touch a third, and the third a fourth, and so till twenty creaked and clanged in concert, and the din swelled ever, sounding like the frenzied laughter of a fiendish host that drags a sinner down to the straining flames. Then the noise sank a little, and failed slowly, till there was nothing save a sad, quiet creak like the catch of tears in a throat. But from another side the felon wind startled another skeleton to motion, and the grisly jest was played through again. And as the noise died, a third time the wind stirred. Suddenly a hollow rattle at the door; bars fell, the door groaned thrice and swung wide. A rout of men broke clattering in, sabots on their feet. They were all little men, all deformed, all, in the dim light, swarthy. Their faces terrified me, faces too malevolent for Hell. Last of them, and least, came one carrying a low brazier; the legs were wrought of thigh-bones, the bowl of a human skull inverted. He shuffled up and set the brazier, smouldering lurid red, so close to me that I was scorched. Then I must have swooned.

[H. W. A., Bradford.]

### Competition No. 182 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best description of "My Luncheon Hour." Length not to exceed 300 words.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 18 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

## New Books Received.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

"Scrutator," Back to Rome.....(Sands) 3/

#### POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

Omond (T. S.), A Study of Metre.....(Richards) net 5/0  
 Ingiam (John Hall), Pompeii of the West and Other Poems.....(Lippincott) net 6/0  
 Adcock (A. St. John), From a London Garden.....(Nutt) 2/6  
 Keith (W. J.), In Freedom's Name and other Poems.....(Simpkin Marshall) net 3/6  
 Sims (George R.), The Dagonet and other Poems.....(Routledge) 1/0 & 2/0  
 Gaskell (Lady Catherine Milnes), The New Cinderella and other Plays.....(Draue) 6/0  
 Noyes (Alfred), The Flower of Old Japan.....(Richards) net 5/0  
 Waldstein (Charles), Art in the Nineteenth Century.....(Cambridge University Press) net 2/0

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Layard (Sir Henry), Autobiography and Letters. 2 Vols.....(Murray) net 25/0  
 Ramsay (Sir James H.), The Angevin Empire, A.D. 1154—A.D. 1216.....(Sonnenschein) 12/0  
 The Camden Miscellany. Volume the Tenth.....(Royal Historical Society)  
 The Transactions of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion.....(The Society)  
 Firth (John B.), Augustus Caesar.....(Putnam's) 6/0  
 Cambridge (Ada), Thirty Years in Australia.....(Methuen) 7/6  
 Higgins (Mrs. Napier), The Bernards of Abington and Nether Winchendon: A Family History.....(Longmans) net 21/0  
 Coleridge (Christabel), Charlotte Mary Yonge. Her Life and Letters.....(Macmillan) net 12/6  
 Patterson (Annie W.), The Master Musicians: Schumann.....(Dent) 3/6  
 Strange (Edward F.), The Rood-Screen of Ranworth Church.....(Jarrold)  
 Knight (Prof.) chosen and edited by, Andrepolis: Being Writings in Praise of St. Andrews.....(Douglas) net 3/0  
 Molloy (Fitzgerald), The Sailor King. William the Fourth. His Court and His Subjects. 2 Vols.....(Hutchinson) net 24/0  
 Raleigh (Walter), Wordsworth.....(Arnold) 6/0  
 Dickens (William Frederick), Holbein's "Ambassadors" Unriddled (Cassell) net 10/6  
 Ward (John), The Roman Fort of Gellygser.....(Bemrose)

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Adamson (Robert), The Development of Modern Philosophy. 2 Vols.....(Blackwood) net 18/0  
 Berens (Lewis H.), Toward the Light.....(Sonnenschein) 2/6  
 Ames (Hugo), Thirteen Thoughts or Studies in Small Philosophy.....(Draue) net 1/6  
 Reynolds (Osborne), Papers on Mechanical and Physical Subjects. Vol. III.....(Clay) net 10/6

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Burrows (Captain Guy), The Curse of Central Africa.....(Everett) net 21/0  
 Savory (Isabel), In the Tail of the Peacock.....(Hutchinson) 16/0

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Turnbull (Alexander), The Victualling of the Royal Navy.....(Stock) 1/0  
 Batson (H. M.), A Book of the Country and the Garden.....(Methuen) 10/6  
 Henson (H. Hensley), The Education Act and After.....( ) 1/0  
 Marks (Montague) edited and compiled by, Home Arts and Crafts.....(Pearson) net 3/6  
 Weir (Harrison), Our Poultry. Part 10.....(Hutchinson) net 0/7  
 Alderson (F. Herbert), Indigestion: Its Prevention and Cure.....(Scott) 1/0

#### EDUCATIONAL.

McMurry (C.), Special Method in the Reading of English Classics.....(Macmillan) net 3/6  
 McMurry (Charles A. and Frank M.), The Method of the Recitation.....(Macmillan) net 4/0  
 Willmore (J. Selden), Handbook of Spoken Egyptian Arabic.....(Sutt) 2/0

#### S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

Elements of Luganda Grammar.....5/0  
 Nyanja—English Vocabulary.....1/0  
 Common Prayer in the Luyoro Language.....3/0  
 A Summary of Old Testament History in the Sothwana Language.....0/8  
 Luganda Proverbs.....0/6  
 Chopt Version of Lumen and Revelationem Gentium.....0/2  
 Devotions in the Secoana Language.....2/6  
 Arabic Teaching of the Church of England.....2/6

#### NEW EDITIONS.

King (Clarence), Mountaineering in Sierra Nevada.....(Uwina) net 6/0  
 Holyoake (George Jacob), Public Speaking and Debate.....( ) net 1/0  
 Kennedy (Bart), A Sailor Tramp.....(Newnes) 0/6  
 Whyte-Melville (G. J.), Songs and Verses and The True Cross.....(Ward Lock) 2/0  
 Lynch (Lawrence L.), Against Odds.....( ) 0/6  
 Fowler (Ellen Thornycroft), Cupid's Garden.....(Cassell) 0/6  
 Doyle (A. Conan), The Great Shadow.....(Arrowsmith) 0/6  
 Lovell (Arthur), Concentration.....(Simpkin Marshall) net 2/0  
 Lockhart (John Gibson), The Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. IX.....(Jack)  
 Scott (Sir Walter), The Edinburgh Waverley: Anne of Geierstein. 2 Vols.....(Jack)  
 Scott (Sir Walter), The Edinburgh Waverley: The Fair Maid of Perth. Vol. II.....(Jack)  
 Chambers (Robert W.), The Red Republic.....(Putnam's) 3/6  
 Shakespeare's Cymbeline, edited by Dowden (Edward).....(Methuen) 3/6  
 McMurry (Charles A.), The Elements of General Method.....(Macmillan) net 4/0

#### NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall and Mr. Henry Frowde, the joint publishers of the "Oxford India Paper Dickens," are co-operating in the production of a new, complete, and fully illustrated edition, to be known as "The Fireside Dickens." There will be twenty-two volumes in all. The first three will be issued towards the end of this month.

The new volume of the "Literatures of the World," edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse, will appear next week. It is a history of Arabic literature, specially written for Mr. Heinemann by Prof. Clément Huart, of the "Ecole des Langues orientales," and translator from oriental languages to the French Government.

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, author of "A Girl in the Karpethians," "Love and His Mask," &c., will shortly publish, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new book entitled "Things about our Neighbourhood." In the preface, the author, after referring to the wealth of garden and flower literature, says: "Amongst all these books I know of none which deals with the whole round of country duties, pleasures, industries—what word must I use?—in a manner which is both practical and light in tone. This has been the centre of my present intention. At the same time, in sketching some of the people who live in the country, far from the areas discovered and invaded by Londoners of artistic taste, I have sought to inform this account of the girls at the Manor with that air of actuality which I deem proper to the picture . . . I offer to all lovers of plants, trees, and beasts, my country book."

Messrs. Treherne & Co. announce the publication early next week of the first volume of their "Poets of the Renaissance" series.

Mr. Bertram Dobell announces two books. One is "The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, B.D.," a seventeenth century writer, whose poems are now first published from the original manuscripts. The other book is entitled "Sidelights on Charles Lamb." Mr. Dobell claims to have found in the "London Magazine" a number of essays which he attributes (chiefly upon internal evidence) to the pen of Charles Lamb. One of the pieces tells, under the guise of a humorous fiction, the story of a real event, not known to his previous biographers, in the life of Lamb.



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